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THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The Force of LOVE:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED

By their Royal Highness's Servants,
at the DUKE's Theatre.

K-
By *NATHANAEL LEE*, Gent.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.

TACIT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. WARE, on Ludgate-Hill; J. BRINDLEY,
in New Bond-street; J. OSBORN, in Pater-noster
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M.DCC.LII.

THEOLOGY:
OR
The Force of Love:
A
TRAGEDY.



By the Rev. J. H. ...
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Printed by ...
in New York ...
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To her GRACE the
Duchess of *RICHMOND*.

MADAM,

THE Reputation that this PLAY received on the Stage, some few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from so censorious an Age, from whom I ask but so much necessary Praise, as will serve once, or twice a Year at most, to gain their good Company, and just keep me alive.

*There is not now that Mankind that was then,
When as the Sun, and Man, did seem to strive
(Joint-Tenants of the World) who should survive :
When, if a slow-pac'd Star had stol'n away,
From the Observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred Years to see't again,
And then make up his Observation plain. Dr. Donn.*

For 'tis impossible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is without Comparison the best Writer of the Age) to present our Judges a Poem half so perfect as we
A 3 could

could make it. I must acknowledge, *Madam*, with all Humility, I ought to have taken more Time, and more Pains, in this *Tragedy*, because it is dedicated to Your Grace, who, being the best Judge, (and therefore can, when You please, make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardon'd the Defects of *Theodosius*, and given it Your intire Approbation. My Genius, *Madam*, was Your Favourite, when the Poet was unknown; and openly receiv'd Your Smiles, before I had the Honour to pay Your Grace the most submissive Gratitude for so illustrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the World, too, know, that You do not think it beneath You to be officiously Good; even from extremest Heights, to discern the lowest Creatures, and give them all the noblest Influence You can; You brought Her Royal Highness just at the exigent Time, whose single Presence, on the Poet's Day, is a Subsistence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the short-liv'd Happiness, that miserable Poets can enjoy, consist in Commendation only; nay, if the most Part are content with popular Breath, and even for that are thankful; How shall I express myself to Your Grace, who by a particular Goodness, and innate Sweetness, merely for the sake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above myself? To have Your Grace's Favour, is, in a word, to have the Applause of the whole Court, who are its noblest Ornament; magnificent and eternal Praise. Something there is in Your Mien, so much above that we vulgarly call Charming, that, to me, it seems Adorable, and Your Presence almost Divine, whose dazzling and majestic Form is a proper Mansion for the most elevated Soul. And let me tell the World, nay, sighing, speak it to a barbarous Age,

The Epistle Dedicatory. 7

Age, (I cannot help calling it so, when I think of *Rome* and *Greece*) Your extraordinary Love for Heroic Poetry is not the least Argument to shew the Greatness of Your Mind, and Fulness of Perfection. To hear You speak with that infinite Sweetness and Chearfulness of Spirit, that is natural to Your Grace, is, methinks, to hear our tutelar Angels: 'Tis to bemoan the present malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age. But, to behold You too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

——— *Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her Body thought.
You, for whose Body God made better Clay,
Or took Souts Stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small Change at the last Day.*

Dr. Donne.

Ziphares and *Semandra* were first Your Grace's Favourites: And, tho' I ought not, *Madam*, to praise Your Wit by Your Judgment of my Painting, yet I must say, Such Characters every Dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me, That I abound in ungovern'd Fancy; but, I hope, the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth: Age, Despondence, and Dulness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no Man for keeping the beaten Road; but I am sure the noble Hunters, that follow the Game, must leap Hedges and Ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the Fall of the Quarry. My Comfort is, I cannot be so ridiculous a Creature to any Man, as I am to myself: For who should know the House

so well as the Good Man at home? who, when his Neighbours come to see him, still sets the best Rooms to view; and, if he be not a wilful Ass, keeps the Rubbish and Lumber in some dark Hole, whither nobody comes but himself, to mortify at melancholy Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unsuitable Condition, how shall I answer the infinite Honours and Obligations Your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the most beautiful Idea of Love and Glory; who, to that Divine Composition, have the noblest and best natur'd Wit in the World. All I can promise, *Madam*, and be able to perform, is, that Your Grace shall never see a Play of mine, that shall give Offence to Modesty and Virtue; and what I humbly offer to the World, shall be of Use at least, and, I hope, deserve Imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am sure, the Design of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies* both antient and modern. I should presume to promise myself, too, some Success in things of this Nature, if your Grace, (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodness, seem reconcil'd) at a leisure Hour, would condescend to correct, with Your excellent Judgment, the Errors of,

M A D A M,

Your GRACE's most Humble,

most Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.



PROLOGUE.

*W*IT, long oppress'd, and fill'd at last with Rage,
 Thus, in a sullen Mood, rebukes the Age:
 What Loads of Fame do modern Heroes bear,
 For an inglorious, long, and lazy War!
 Who for some Skirmish, or a safe Retreat,
 (Not to be dragg'd to Battle) are call'd Great.
 But, oh! what do ambitious Statesmen gain,
 Who into private Chests whole Nations drain?
 What Sums of Gold they board, is daily known,
 To all Mens Cost, and sometimes to their own.
 Your Lawyer too, that like an Oies bawls,
 That drowns the Market-Higler in the Stalls,
 That seem begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls,
 Yet thrives: He and his Crowd get what they please,
 Swarming all Term-time thro' the Strand like Bees,
 They buz at Westminster, and lye for Fees.
 The Godly too their ways of Getting have;
 But none so much as your fanatic Knave:
 Wisely the wealthiest Livings they refuse,
 Who by the fattest Bishopricks would lose;
 Who with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band,
 True Rogues! their own, not God's Elect, command.
 Let Pigs, then, be prophane; but Broth's allow'd;
 Possets, and Christian Caudles, may be good
 Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
 Therefore each Female Saint he doth advise,
 With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's, and goggling Eyes,
 To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise;
 While with his Zeal, transported from the Ground,
 He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round.

On Poets only no kind Star e'er smil'd:
 Curst Fate has damn'd 'em, ev'ry Mother's Child:
 Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,
 To write no more for an ungrateful Age.
 Think what penurious Masters you have serv'd;
 Tasso ran mad, and noble Spenser starv'd.
 Turn then, whoe'er thou art, thou canst write well,
 Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel:
 Forswear all Honesty, traduce the Great,
 Grow impudent, and rail against the State;
 Bursting with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquils send,
 And choose some Libel-spreader for thy Friend:
 The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
 And for thy Satire-subject choose Mankind.



E P I L O G U E.

THrice happy they, that never writ before!
 How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer Shore!
 Like some new Captain of the City Bands,
 That, with big Looks, in Finsbury commands:
 Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat a Drum:
 Pox o'the French King! Uds-bud, let him come:
 Give me ten thousand Red-coats, and alloo!
 We'll firke his Crequi and his Condé too.
 Thus the young Scriblers Mankind's Sense disdain;
 For Ignorance is sure to make 'em vain:
 But, far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
 Our cautious Poet courts you to his Side:
 For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
 All the good Days that ever Authors knew?
 If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine:
 The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
 And he scarce drinks but of the Critics Wine.

Old Writers should not for Vain-glory strive;
 But, like old Mistresses, think how to thrive;
 Be fond of ev'ry thing their Keepers say,
 At least till they can live without a Play:
 Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit;
 She dotes and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
 And swears she loves him, merely for his Wit.
 Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
 Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
 She swears, is an accomplish'd Beau-garçon;
 Turns with all Winds, and sails with all Desires;
 All Hearts in City, Town, and Court, she fires;
 Young callosw Lords, lean Knights, and driv'ling Squires.
 She in resistless Flatt'ry finds her Ends,
 Gives Thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends.
 So should wise Poets sooth an aukward Age;
 For they are Prostitutes upon the Stage:
 To stand on Points were foolish and ill-bred,
 As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:
 Your Wills alone must their Performance measure,
 And you may turn 'em ev'ry way for Pleasure.



Dramatis Personæ.

Theodosius,
Varanes,
Marcian,
Lucius,
Atticus, *Chief Priest*,
Leontine,
Aranthes.
Chorus.

Mr. *Williams*.
Mr. *Betterton*.
Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*.
Mr. *Bowman*.
Mr. *Leitherfull*.

Pulcheria,
Athenais,
Marina.
Flavilla.
Julia.
Delia.
Attendants, Singers.

Mrs. *Betterton*.
Mrs. *Barry*.

The SCENE, *Constantinople*.



THEODOSIUS:

O R,

The Force of LOVE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion, as in its first Magnificence; being but lately establish'd at Rome and Constantinople. The Side-scenes shew the horrid Tortures, with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church: And the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorn'd; before it Constantine, suppos'd, kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air; which, being encompass'd with many Angels, offers itself to View, with those Words distinctly written; In hoc signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Ministers at Divine Service walk busily up and down, till Atticus the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. Chrysostom, in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philosopher Leontine; the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the Way before him.

A Chorus heard at a distance.

*PREPARE, prepare! the Rites begin;
Let none unhallow'd enter in!
The Temple with new Glory shines:
Adorn the Altars, wash the Shrines,
And purge the Place from Sin.*

ATTICUS.

ATTICUS.



H, *Leontine*! was ever Morn like this,
 Since the Celestial Incarnation dawn'd?
 I think no Day, since that, such Glory
 gave
 To Christian Altars, as this Morning
 brings.

Leont. Great Successor of holy *Chrysostom*,
 Who now triumphs, above, a Saint of Honour
 Next, in Degree, to those bright Sons of Heav'n,
 Who never fell, nor stain'd their orient Beams;
 What shall I answer? How shall I approach you,
 Since my Conversion, which your Breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this Day, the Emp'r of the East
 Leaves all the Pleasures that the Earth can yield,
 That Nature can bestow, or Art invent.
 In his Life's Spring, and Bloom of gaudy Years,
 To undergo the Penance of a Cloister,
 Confin'd to narrow Rooms, and gloomy Walks,
 Fasting, and Exercises of Devotion,
 Which from his Bed, at Midnight, must awake him;
 Methinks, O *Leontine*! is something more
 Than yet Philosophy could ever reach.

Leont. True, *Atticus*; you have amaz'd my Reason.

Attic. Yet more: To our Religion's lasting Honour,
Marina and *Flavilla*, two young Virgins,
 Imperial born, cast in the fairest Mould
 That e'er the Hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;
 The Mirrors of our Court, where Chastity
 And Innocence might copy spotless Lustre;
 To-day, with *Theodosius*, leave the World.

Leont. Methinks, at such a glorious Resignation,
 Th' Angelic Orders should at once descend
 In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
 With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings,
 To give full Grace to such triumphant Zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*: I fear there is a Fault;
 For, when I last confess'd the Emperor,

Whether

Whether Disgust, and melancholy Blood,
From restless Passions urg'd not this Divorce;
He only answer'd me with Sighs and Blushes.
'Tis sure, his Soul is of the tend'rest Make;
Therefore I'll tax him strictly: But, my Friend,
Why should I give his Character to you,
Who, when his Father sent him into *Persia*,
Were by that mighty Monarch then appointed
To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanes*?

Leont. And what will raise your Admiration, is,
That two such diff'rent Tempers should agree.
You know that *Theodosius* is compos'd
Of all the Softness that should make a Woman:
Judgment, almost like Fear, foreruns his Actions;
And he will poise an Injury so long,
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.
But the young *Persian* Prince, quite opposite,
So fiery fierce, that those who view him nearly,
May see his haughty Soul still mounting in his Face:
Yet did I study these so diff'rent Tempers,
Till I at last had form'd a perfect Union,
As if two Souls did but inform one Body:
A Friendship that may challenge all the World,
And, at the Proof, be matchless!

Attic. I long to read
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his Father's Court to see our Emp'rour.

Leont. So he intended, till he came to *Athens*,
And at my homely Board beheld my Daughter;
Where, as Fate order'd, she who never saw
The Glories of a Court, bred up to Books
In Closets, like a Sibyl; she, I say,
Long since from *Persia* brought by me to *Athens*,
Unskill'd in Charms, but those which Nature gave her,
Wounded this scornful Prince: In short, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep Protestations,
That Moment that bereft him of the Sight
Of *Athenais*, gave him certain Death.
But see, my Daughter, honour'd with his Presence.

Enter

16 THEODOSIUS; or

: Enier Varanes and Athenais.

Vara. 'Tis strange! O *Athenais*! wondrous all!
Wondrous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars!
The Martyrs, though but drawn in painted Flames,
Amaze me with the Image of their Sufferings:
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman* Tyrants:
Hermits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels;
By *Orosmales*! it is wondrous all.
That bloody Cross, in yonder azure Sky,
Above the Head of kneeling *Constantine*;
Inscrib'd about with Golden Characters,
Thou shalt o'ercome in this: If it be true,
I say again, by Heav'n, 'tis wondrous strange.

Athen. O Prince, if thus Imagination stirs you,
A Fancy rais'd from Figures in dead Walls,
How would the sacred Breath of *Atticus*
Inspire your Breast, purge all your Dross away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your Soul,
To make a Virgin room, whom yet the Mould
Of your rude Fancy cannot comprehend!

Vara. What says my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me!
Start me not into Phrensy, lest I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n:
And what is she, alas! that should supplant thee?
Were she the Mistress of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns,
And thou set by in Nature's plainest Dress,
With that chaste modest Look, when first I saw thee?
The Heiress of a poor Philosopher; [*Recorders ready*
I swear, by all I wish, by all I love, *to flourish.*
Glory and thee, I would not lose a Thought,
Nor cast an Eye that Way, but rush to thee,
To these lov'd Arms, and lose myself for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my Lord.

Vara. O cruel *Athenais*!
Why dost thou put me off, who pine to Death?
And thrust me from thee, when I would approach thee?
Can there be aught in this? Curse then thy Birth-right,
Thy

Thy glorious Titles, and ill-suited Greatness,
Since *Athenais* scorns thee : Take again
Your ill-tim'd Honours : take 'em, take 'em, Gods !
And change me to some humble Villager,
If so at last, for Toils at scorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

Athen. When Princes speak, their Subjects should be
silent :

Yet, with Humility, I would demand,
Wherein appears my Scorn, or my Aversion ?
Have I not for your sake abandon'd Home,
Where I had vow'd to spend my calmer Days !
But you, perhaps, imagine it but little
For a poor Maid to follow you abroad,
Especially the Daughter of old *Leontine* !
Yet I must tell you, Prince ———

Vara. I cannot bear

Those Frowns : I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, O *Athenais*, that is toss'd
With such tempestuous Tides of Love as I,
Can steer a steady Course ? Retire, my Fair :

[*Recorders flourish.*]

Hark ! the Solemnities are now beginning,
And *Theodosius* comes ; Hide, hide thy Charms.
If to his clouded Eyes such Day should break,
The Royal Youth, who dotes to Death for Love,
I fear, would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Theodosius leading Marina and Flavilla, (all three
dress'd in white) follow'd by Pulcheria.*

Theo. Farewel, *Pulcheria* ! and, I pray, no more :
For all thy kind Complaints are lost upon me.
Have I not sworn, the World and I must part ?
Fate has proclaim'd it ; Therefore weep no more ;
Wound not the tend'rest Part of *Theodosius*,
My yielding Soul, that would expire in Calms !

Wound

18 THEODOSIUS; or,

Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet, ere I take my last Farewel for ever,
The Cause of all my Suff'rings: Oh, my Sister!
A bleeding Heart, the Stings of pointed Love,
What Constitution, soft as mine, can bear.

Pulch. My Lord, my Emperor, my dearest Brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?

Theo. Because I was ashamed to own my Weakness:
I knew thy sharper Wit, and stricter Wisdom,
Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure.
Draw near, O *Atticus*; and mark me well:
For never yet did my complaining Spirit
Unlade this weighty Secret upon him,
Nor groan a Syllable of her Oppression.

Attic. Concealment was a Fault; but speak at large,
Make bare the Wound, and I will pour in Balm.

Theo. 'Tis Folly all, and Fondness—— Oh, Re-
membrance!

Why dost thou open thus my Wound again,
And from my Heart call down those warmer Drops
That make me die with Shame? Hear then, *Pulcheria*!
Some few preceding Days before I left
The *Persian* Court, hunting one Morning early,
I lost my self, and all the Company,
Still wand'ring on, as Fortune would direct me:
I past a Rivulet, and lighted in
The sweetest Solitude I ever saw!
When strait, as if Incantment had been there,
Two charming Voices drew me, till I came,
Where divers Arbours overlook'd the River.
Upon the osier Bank two Women sat,
Who, when their Song was ended, talk'd to one,
Who, bathing, stood far in the crystal Stream.
But, Oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection,
Or give a Glympe of such a naked Glory!
Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her coral Lips,
All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.

Attic. Think where you are.

Theo.

The Force of Love.

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Theo. Oh! Sir, you must forgive me.

The chaste enthusiastic Form appears,
As when I saw her; yet I swear, *Pulcheria*,
Had cold *Diana* been a Looker on,
She must have prais'd the Virtues of the Virgin:
The *Satyrs* could not grin; for she was veil'd:
Nothing immodest! From her naked Bosom
Down to her Knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:
But, Oh for me! for me, that was too much!
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre;
Such All-Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty!
Alas, too fatal, sure! Oh, *Atticus*!
Forgive me; for my Story now is done:
The Nymph was drest, and with her two Companions,
Having descry'd me, shriek'd, and fled away,
Leaving me motionless, till *Leontine*,
Th' Instructor of my Youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the Wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have
nam'd,

The Harbinger of Prince *Varanes*, here.

Theo. Oh *Leontine*! ten thousand Welcomes meet thee?
Thou Foster-father of my tender Youth,
Who rear'd the Plant, and prun'd it with such Care?
How shall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the Principles of manlier Reason,
By thee infus'd, to more than Woman's Weakness?
Now, by the Majesty Divine, that awes
This sacred Place, I swear you must not kneel:
And tell me, for I have a thousand things
To ask thee; Where, where is my Godlike Friend?
Is he arriv'd, and shall I see his Face,
Before I'm cloister'd from the World for ever?

Leont. He comes, my Lord, with all th'expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover: From his Eyes
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms

Nothing

20 THEODOSIUS; or,

Nothing but *Theodosius* still before him ;
His Thought, his ev'ry Word, is *Theodosius*.

Theo. Yet, *Leontine*, yet answer me once more :
With Tremblings I demand thee.
Say— Hast thou seen ? Oh ! has that heav'nly Form
Appear'd to thee again ? Behold, he's dumb :
Proceed then to the solemn last Farewel ;
Never was Man so willing and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Arantes, Attendants.

Vara. Where is my Friend ? Oh, where is my belov'd,
My *Theodosius* ? Point him out, ye Gods,
That I may press him dead betwixt my Arms ;
Devour him thus with over-hasty Joys,
That languish at his Breast, quite out of Breath,
And cannot utter more.

Theo. Thou mightiest Pleasure !
And greatest Blessing, that kind Heav'n could send,
To glad my parting Soul ! a thousand Welcomes !
Oh ! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
Spring in my Breast, and with a backward Bound
I run the Race of lusty Youth again.

Vara. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thousand Pastimes, when we borrow'd Names ;
Alcides I, and Thou my dearest *Theseus* ;
When thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tigers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,
With Ears, and Chests, that dash'd the Morning Dew ;
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tost in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course :
Now sweeping o'er the Limit of a Hill ;
Now with a full Career come thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

Theo. Oh, glorious Time ! and when the gath'ring
Clouds,
Have call'd us home, say, Did we rest, my Brother ?
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
We strove to represent *Alcides*' Fury,

In

The Force of Love. H T 21

In all that raging Heat, and Pomp of Madneſs,
With which the ſtately *Seneca* adorn'd him;
So lively drawn, and painted with ſuch Horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; ſo loud
The Virgins ſhriek'd, ſo faſt they dy'd away.

Vara. My *Theodoſius* ſtill; 'Tis my lov'd Brother;
And, by the Gods, we'll ſee thoſe Times again!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Chriſtian Enthuſiaſm had charm'd thee from us;
That, drawn by Priests, and work'd by Melancholy,
Thou haſt laid the golden Reins of Empire down,
And ſworn thyſelf a Votary for ever?

Theo. 'Tis almoſt true; and, had not you arriv'd,
The ſolemn Buſineſs had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empreſs of the *Eaſt*,
My elder Siſter: Theſe with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.

Vara. What Pow'r is that, that merits ſuch Oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious,
Than any that e'er mingled with the Gods;
Yet, ev'n to him, my Father never offer'd
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horſes.
Now, by thoſe golden Beams that glad the World,
I ſwear it is too much: For one of theſe,
But half ſo bright, our God would drive no more,
He'd leave the darken'd Globe; and in ſome Cave
Enjoy ſuch Charms for ever.

Attic. My Lord, forbear!
Such Language does not ſuit with our Devotion:
Nothing prophane muſt dare to murmur here,
Nor ſtain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.
Yet thus far we muſt yield; the Emperor
Is not enough prepar'd to leave the World.

Vara. Thus low, moſt Rev'rend of this ſacred Place,
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,
By your Permiſſion, that my *Theodoſius*
Return to my Embraces! O, my Brother!
Why doſt thou droop? There will be time enough
For Pray'r, and Faſting, and religious Vows:
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,

All

22 THEODOSIUS; or,

All the Magnificence of Eastern Courts.

I hate to walk a lazy Life away :

Let's run the Race which Fate has set before us,

And post to the dark Goal.

Theo. O cruel Destiny !

Why am not I thus too ? Oh, my *Varanes* !

Why are these costly Dishes set before me ?

Why do these Sounds of Pleasure strike my Ears ?

Why are these Joys brought to my sick Remembrance,

Who have no Appetite ; but am to Sense,

From Head to Foot, all a dead Palsy o'er ?

Vara. Fear not, my Friend ; all shall be well again :

For I have thousand Ways, and thousand Stories,

To raise thee up to Pleasure ; we'll unlock

Our fastest Secrets, shed upon each other

Our tend'rest Cares, and quite unbar those Doors,

Which shall be shut to all Mankind beside.

Attic. Silence and Rev'rence are the Temple's Dues :

Therefore, while we pursue the sacred Rites,

Be these observ'd, or quit the awful Place.

Imperial Sisters, now Twin-stars of Heaven,

Answer the Successor of *Chrysostom* ;

Without least Reservation answer me,

By those harmonious Rules I charg'd ye learn.

Atticus sings.

Attic. Canst thou, Marina, leave the World,

The World, that is Devotion's Bane ;

Where Crowns are tost, and Sceptres hurl'd,

Where Lust and proud Ambition reign ?

2 Priest. Can you your costly Robes forbear,

To live with us in poor Attire ?

Can you from Courts to Cells repair,

To sing at Midnight in our Quire ?

3 Priest. Can you forget your golden Beds,

Where you might sleep beyond the Morn,

On Mats to lay your Royal Heads,

And have your beauteous Tresses shorn ?

Attic:

The Force of Love.

23

Attic. *Can you resolve to fast all Day,
And weep and groan to be forgiu'n?
Can you in broken Slumbers pray,
And by Affliction merit Heav'n?*

Chorus. *Say, Votaries, can this be done?
While we the Grace Divine implore,
The World has lost, the Battle's won;
And Sin shall never charm ye more.*

Marina *The Gate to Bliss does open stand,*
sings. *And all my Penance is in View;
The World, upon the other hand,
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!*

*Yet, sacred Sirs, in these Extremes,
Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell;
Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
And plead their moving Cause so well;*

*If aught that's vain my Thoughts possess,
Or any Passions govern here,
But what Divinity may bless;
Oh, may I never enter there!*

Flavilla *What! what can Pomp or Glory do?*
sings. *Or what can human Charms persuade?
That Mind that has a Heav'n in View,
How can it be by Earth betray'd?*

*No Monarch, full of Youth and Fame,
The Joy of Eyes, and Nature's Pride,
Should once my Thoughts from Heav'n reclaim,
Though now he woo'd me for his Bride.*

*Haste then, Oh haste! and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's Door,
Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
And let us see the World no more.*

Attic.

24 THEODOSIUS; or,

Attic. Hark! hark! behold the heav'nly Choir:
sings. They cleave the Air in bright Attire:
 And see, his Lute each Angel brings!
 And hark, divinely thus he sings!
 To the Powers Divine all Glory be given,
 By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.

Scene shuts; and all the Priests, with Marina and Flavia, disappear.

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
 Oh! *Theodosius*, till this cruel Moment
 I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
 But on this everlasting Separation,
 Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
 Of Dissolution points me to the Grave.

Theo. Oh, my *Varanes*, does not now thy Temper
 Bate something of its Fire? Dost thou not melt
 In mere Compassion of my Sister's Fate,
 And cool thyself with one relenting Thought?

Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rolls inward; Melancholy,
 Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
 And I begin to loath all human Greatness:
 Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard Fate deplore!
 For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:
 We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our Guide;
 Love that's more worth than all the World beside.
 Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam:
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home:
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round:
 Bus'ness and Cares eternally abound.

“ And, when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
 “ She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.
[*Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, Attendants.

PULCHERIA.



Hese Packets for the Emperor *Honorius*;
Be swift, let th' Agent haste to *Rome* —
I hear, my *Julia*, that our General
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest
home.

Jul. He is : To-day I saw him in the Presence,
Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the Wars :
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia* : Oft I've told thee
The Secret of my Soul : If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my Husband ; he's a Man, my *Julia*,
Whom I have study'd long, and found him perfect :
Old *Rome* at ev'ry Glance looks through his Eyes,
And kindles the Beholders : Some sharp Atoms
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out :
He sickens at the Softness of the Emp'ror,
And speaks too freely of our Female Court ;
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

Enter *Marcian* and *Lucius*.

Pulch. Ha ! who are these that dare profane this Place
With more than barb'rous Insolence !

Marc. At your Feet,
Behold, I cast the Scourge of these Offenders,
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. Put up your Sword,
And, ere I bid you welcome from the Wars,
Be sure you clear your Honour of this Rudeness ;
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

B

Marcian

26 THEODOSIUS; or,

Marc. Thus then, Madam :

The Emperor receiv'd me with Affection,
Embrac'd me for my Conquests, and retir'd ;
When on a sudden all the gilded Flies,
That buz about the Court, came flutt'ring round me :
This with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,
Begs me to tell my Tale of Victories ;
Which done, he thanks me, slips behind his Fellow,
Whispers him in the Ear, then smiles and listens,
While I relate my Story once again :
A third comes in, and asks me the same Favour :
Whereon they laugh, while I still ignorant
Go on ; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my Shoulder ; then they laugh'd out-right :
But then I, guessing the Abuse too late,
Return'd my Knight behind a Box o'th' Ear ;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were Rascals.
They, laughing still, cry'd out, The Gen'ral's musty.
Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you saw :
This is in short the Truth : I leave the Judgment
To your own Justice : If I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

Pulch. First you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars ;
And still whene'er occasion calls for Arms,
Heav'n send the Emperor a General,
Renown'd as *Marcian* ! As to what is past,
I think the World will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the Action.

Marc. Gods ! Gods ! and thou, great Founder of old
Rome !

What is become of all that mighty Spirit,
That rais'd our Empire to a Pitch so high ?
Where is it pent ? What, but Almighty Pow'r,
Could thus confine it, that but some few Atoms
Now run through all the East and Occident ?

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian* ———

Marc. Who can be temp'rate,
That thinks as I do, Madam ? Why here's a Fellow :
I have seen him fight against a Troop of *Vandals* :
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed :

Come

Come to my Arms, my Dear ! thou canst not talk
But hast a Soul above the proudest of 'em.
Oh, Madam, when he has been all over Blood,
And hack'd with Wounds that seem'd to mouth his Praises;
I've seen him smile still as he push'd Death from him,
And with his Actions rally distant Fate.

Pulch. He has a noble Form.

Marc. Yet ev'n this Man,
That fought so bravely in his Country's Cause,
This excellent Man, this Morning, in the Presence,
Did I see wrong'd before the Emperor,
Scorn'd and despis'd, because he could not cringe,
Nor plant his Feet as some of them could do.
One said his Clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His Taylor ——— Another said, he look'd
As if he had not lost his Maidenhead.
If Things are suffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, Pre-eminence, Degree, and Virtue
Let *Rome* be never mention'd ; no, i' th' Name
Of all the Gods, be she forgotten ever !
Effeminate *Persians*, and the *Lydian* Softness,
Make all your Fights : *Marcian* shall out no more :
For, by my Arms, it makes a Woman of me,
And my swoln Eyes run o'er, to think this Worth,
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools ;
Should starve for want of what is necessary
To Life's Convenience : When luxurious Bawds
Are so o'ergrown with Fat, and cramm'd with Riot,
That they can hardly walk without an Engine.

Pulch. Why did you not inform the Emperor ?

Marc. Because he will not hear me ! Alas, good Man,
He flies from this bad World ; and still when Wars
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which *Constantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian* ! are not you
Of that Religion which the Emp'ror owns ?

Marc. No, Madam ; if you'll see my naked Thought,
I am not of their Principle, that take

28 THEODOSIUS; or,

A Wrong; so far from bearing with a Foe,
I would strike first, like old *Rome*; I wou'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring Nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my Empire to the Bounds
Of the too narrow Universe. Yes, I own
That I despise your holy Innovations.
I'm for the *Roman* Gods, for Fun'ral Piles,
For mounting Eagles, and the fancy'd Greatness
Of our Forefathers. Methinks my heated Spirit
Cou'd utter Things worth losing of my Head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*; for I know thee honest.

Marc. Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emp'ror live!
But, I must say, his gentle Disposition
Suits not, alas! the Oriental Sway:
Bid him but look on *Pharamond*: Oh, Gods!
Awake him with the Image of that Spirit,
Which, like a Pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a Point to the most dreadful Greatness:
His very Name already shakes the World;
And still in Person heading his first Squadrons,
Like the first *Cesar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
He seems another Thunderbolt of War.

Pulch. I oft have blam'd my Brother most for this,
That to my Hand he leaves the State-Affairs:
And how that sounds, you know ———

Marc. Forgive me, Madam;
I think that all the Greatness of your Sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
With all the *Amazonian* Valour too,
Meet in *Pulcheria*: yet, I say, Forgive me,
If with Reluctance I behold a Woman
Sit at the Empire's Helm, and steer the World.

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd ———

Marc. Mark but the growing *French*.
The most auspicious Omen of their Greatness,
That I can guess, is their late *Salique* Law,
Bless'd by their Priests, their *Salii*, and pronounc'd
To stand for ever; which excludes all Women
From the Imperial Crown: But, Oh! I speak
The least of all those infinite Grievances,

Which

Which make the Subjects murmur : In the Army,
Tho' I proceeded still like *Hannibal*,
And punish'd ev'ry Mutineer with Death ;
Yet, Oh ! it stabb'd me through and through the Soul
To pass the Wretches Doom, because I knew
With Justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,
And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,
Which some at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd,
Cast to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers starv'd —

Pulch. Your Pity too, in mournful Fellowship,
No doubt might sooth their Murmurs.

Marc. Yes, it did.

That I might put 'em once again in heart,
I said 'twas true, the Emp'ror was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,
And paid their great Arrears by second-hand :
I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,
Things should be mended —
But how ! Oh Gods ! forgive my Blood this Transport !
To the eternal Shame of Female Counsels !
And to the Blast of *Theodorus*' Name,
Whom never warlike Chronicle shall mention !
Oh, let me speak it with a *Roman* Spirit,
We were receiv'd like undone Prodigals,
By curst ungrateful Stewards, with cold Looks,
Who yet got all by those poor Wretches Ruin ;
Like Malefactors, at the Hands of Justice.
I blush, I almost weep with bursting Rage !
If thus receiv'd, how paid our long Arrears ?
Why, as entrusted Misers pay the Rights
Of helpless Widows, or the Orphans Tears.
Oh Soldier ! for to thee, to thee I speak it,
Bawds for the Drudgery of Citizens Wives,
Would better pay debilitated Stallions.
Madam, I've said perhaps too much : if so,
It matters not ; for he who lies, like me,
On the hard Ground, is sure to fall no further.

Pulch. I've given you patient Hearing, honest *Marc.*
And, as far as I can see into your Temper, [cian :

30 THEODOSIUS; or,

I speak my serious Judgment in cold Blood,
With strictest Consultation on the matter;
I think, this seeming plain and honest *Marcian*
An exquisite and most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Ha! Traitor!

Pulch. Yes, a most notorious Traitor.

Marc. Your Grandfather, whose Frown could awe the
World,

Would not have call'd me so — or if he had —

Pulch. You would have taken it—But to the Bus'ness;
Was't not enough, Oh Heav'n! thou know'st too much!
At first to own yourself an Infidel,
A bold Contemner, ev'n to Blasphemy,
Of that Religion which we all profess;
For which your Heart's best Blood can ne'er suffice;
But you must dare, with a seditious Army,
Thus to conspire against the Emperor?
I mention not your Impudence to me,
'Taxing the Folly of my Government
Ev'n to my Face; such an Irreverence,
As sure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd;
Beside your libelling all the Court, as if
You had engrois'd the whole World's Honesty:
And Flatt'ers, Fools, and Sycophants, and Knaves,
Such was your Language, did inhabit here.

Marc. You wrest my honest Meaning, by the Gods!
You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
My struggling Spirit will no longer bear it.

Pulch. I thought the Meaning of all rational Men
Should still be gather'd out of their Discourse:
Nor are you so imprudent, without thinking,
To vent such Words, tho' now you fain would hide it.
You find the Guilt, and balk the Accusation:
But think not you shall 'scape so easily.
Once more I do confront you, as a Traitor;
And, as I am entrusted with full Pow'r,
Divest you, in the Name of *Theodosius*,
Of all your Offices, Commissions, Honours;
Command you leave the Court within three Days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*;

Marc.

The Force of Love.

31

Marc. Gods! Gods!

Pulch. What now! ha! does the Traitor murmur?
If in three Days; mark me, 'tis I that doom thee;
Rash inconsiderable Man, a Wretch beneath
The Torments I could execute upon thee;
If after three Days Space thou'rt found in Court,
Thou dy'st; thy Head, thy Head shall pay the Forfeit.
Farewel; now rage; now rail, and curse the Court;
Saucily dare t' abuse the best of Princes,
And let thy lawless Tongue lash all it can;
Do, like a Madman rave; deplore thy Fortune,
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haste to th' Army,
Grow popular, and lead the Multitude:
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beast
To kick at *Cæsar*. Nay, if thou weep'st, I'm gone.
Oh *Julia*! if I stay, I shall weep too.

Yet 'tis but just, that I the Heart should see
Of him who once must lord it over me.

[Exit Pulch. &c.]

Luc. Why do you droop, Sir—Come, no more o'this:
You are, and shall be, still our General;
Say but the Word, I'll fill the *Hippodrome*
With Squadrons that shall make the Emp'ror tremble:
We'll fire the Court about his Ears.
Methinks, like *Julius Brutus*, I have watch'd
An Opportunity, and now it comes:
Few Words and I are Friends; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou art not more than General,
Ere Dead of Night, say *Lucius* is a Coward.

Marc. I charge thee in the Name of all the Gods,
Come back: I charge thee by the Name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no Gen'ral.
But hush! within three Days we must be gone:
And then, my Friend, farewell to Ceremony.
We'll fly to some far distant lonely Village,
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves:
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and, when Night comes,
With Bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant Souls,
Sleep like the labour'd Hinds, and never think;
For, if I think again, I shall go mad.

B 4

Enter

32 THEODOSIUS; or,

Enter Leontine and Athenais, &c.

Therefore no Thought. But see, we're interrupted.
Oh Court! Oh Emperor! yet let Death threaten,
I'll find a Time. Till then be still my Soul —
No Gen'ral now! a Member of thy Country,
But most corrupt; therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest *Marcian*!
A Slave, a Traitor! Oh y'eternal Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Leont. So, *Athenais*! now our Compliment
To the young *Persian* Prince is at an End:
What then remains, but that we take our Leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My Lord!

Leont. I say that Decency requires
We should be gone; nor can you stay with Honour.

Athen. Most true, my Lord.

Leont. The Court is now at Peace,
The Emp'r's Sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd: What hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes*?

Athen. Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart?

Leont. I would not.

Thou art the only Comfort of my Age:
Like an old Tree I stand among the Storms;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*
My dear green Branch! And how I prize thee, Child,
Heav'n only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep?

Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my Fault, who first occasion'd it.

Leont. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.

Athen. You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;
Too much I fear for my eternal Quiet.

Leont. Rise, *Athenais*! credit him who bears
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.

Athen. How do we differ then? you judge the Prince
Impious and base; while I take Heav'n to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of Men:
Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuse him

Before

Before you make the Trial. Alas! *Varanes*,
If thou art false, there's no such Thing on Earth
As solid Goodness, or substantial Honour.
A thousand Times, my Lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,
That Day I make him Master of my Heart.

Leont. That Day he'll make thee Mistress of his Power,
Which carries a foul Name among the Vulgar.
No, *Athenais*, let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale Corps, and gently laid in Earth;
So I may say, She's chaste, and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded Eyes
Seated upon the Throne of *Isdigerdes*,
The Blast of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,
Thy Father's Curse; that is, the Prince's Whore.

Athen. Oh horrid Supposition! how I detest it!
Be Witness Heav'n, that sees my secret Thoughts!
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The nicest Justice, and severest Virtue;
To fear no Death, to know the End of Life,
And with long Search discern the highest Good?
No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, Pride cast thee down,
The Scorn of Honour and the People's Prey!
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem
That aged Head from the descending Axe,
Not tho' I saw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles all about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleasure.

Leont. Oh greatly said! And, by the Blood which
warms me,
Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds!
It would improve the Virtue of the World,
If ev'ry Day a thousand Votaries,
And thousand Virgins, came from far to hear thee?

Athen. Look down, ye Pow'rs; take Notice, we obey
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd;
Yet, Oh my noble Father, to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a Marriage:

34 THEODOSIUS; or,

'Tho' with the Thought I'm cover'd o'er with Blushes:
Not that I doubt the Prince; that were to doubt
The Heav'ns themselves. I know he is all Truth:
But Modesty ———

The Virgin's troublesome and constant Guest,
That, that alone forbids ———

Leont. I wish to Heav'n
There prove no greater Bar to my Belief.
Behold the Prince. I will retire awhile,
And, when Occasion calls, come to thy Aid. [*Ex. Leon.*]

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. To fix her on the Throne, to me, seems little.
Were I a God, yet would I raise her higher;
This is the Nature of thy Prince. But Oh!
As to the World, thy Judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd with this Gigantic Honour;
Glory forbids her Prospect to a Crown;
Nor must she gaze that way: My haughty Soul,
'That Day when she ascends the Throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Blushes, and quite lost for ever.

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Varan. I know not what;
But, see, she comes, the Glory of my Arms,
The only Bus'ness of my instant Thought,
My Soul's best Joy, and all my true Repose.
I swear I cannot bear these strange Desires,
These strong Impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy Feet ———

Athen. What have you found, my Lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your Grievs?

Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy Hand seal my religious Vow;
Strait let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth,
Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O *Athenais*,
To all the *Persian* Greatness!

Athen.

Athen. I believe you:

For I have heard you swear as much before.

Vara. Hast thou? Oh, why then did I swear again?
But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my Passion.

Athen. Oh rise, my Lord——

Vara. I will do ev'ry thing
Which *Athenais* bids: If there be more
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,
Whisper it, Oh some God, into my Ear;
And on her Breasts thus to her list'ning Soul
I'll breathe the Inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?
What! but one Sigh, no more! can that suffice
For all my vast Expence of prodigal Love?
Oh *Athenais*, what shall I say or do,
To gain the thing I wish?

Athen. What's that, my Lord?

Vara. Thus to approach thee still; thus to behold thee--
Yet there is more——

Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.

Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not
know?

'Tis an Imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of Honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, Sir: But, Oh I tremble,
To think, if *Isdigerdes* should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a Maid
Of no Degree, but Virtue, in the World——

Vara. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All Pomp, when thou art by: Far be the Noise
Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way!
Free as the Forest-Birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,
And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
Together drink the Crystal of the Stream,
Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields;
And, when the golden Ev'ning calls us home,
Wing to our downy Nest, and sleep till Morn.

36 THEODOSIUS; or,

Athen. Ah Prince! no more! Forbear, forbear, to
charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.

Vara. Hold, *Athenais* —

Athen. I know your Royal Temper,
And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,
Which would disdain to waste so many Hours
With one of humble Blood compar'd to you;
Unless strong Passion sway'd your Thoughts to love her.
Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,
For none on Earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the Gift of my eternal Love;
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
For sure a Heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No Charms but yours, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd!

Vara. Well have you made Amends by this last
Comfort,
For the cold Dart you shot at me before.
For this last Goodness, Oh, my *Athenais*!
(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine!)
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you:
Yet oh! one Fear remains; like Death it chills me;
Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!

Athen. Look there, and cease your Wonder: I have
sworn
T'obey my Father; and he calls me hence —

Enter Leontine.

Vara. Ha, *Leontine*! by which of all my Actions
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The smartest Wound Revenge could form to end me?

Leont. Answer me now, O Prince! for Virtue
prompts me,
And Honesty will-dally now no longer,
What can the End of all this Passion be?
Glory requires this strict Account, and asks
What you intend at last to *Athenais*?

Vara. How, *Leontine*!

Leont.

The Force of Love. 37

Leont. You saw her, Sir, at *Athens*; said you lov'd
here. I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,
And hear your Passion. Has she not, Sir, obey'd me?

Vara. She has, I thank the Gods; but whither
wouldst thou?

Leont. Having resolv'd to visit *Theodofus*,
You swore you would not go without my Daughter;
Whereon I gave Command, that she should follow.

Vara. Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all Philosophers, you did.

Leont. Thus long she has attended; you have seen her,
Sounded her Virtues, and her Imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge
Which Honour sounds; and now let me demand you—

Vara. Now help, *Aranthes*, or I'm dash'd for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, disdain the Marriage.

Leont. Can your high Thoughts so far forget them-
selves, T'admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?

Vara. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, Gods! and stammers at the
Question.

Leont. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself, My Lord?
The Business is not much.

Vara. How, *Leontine*!
Not much! I know that she deserves a Crown;
Yet 'tis to Reason much, tho' not to Love.
And sure the World would blush to see the Daughter
Of a Philosopher on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leont. Is this your Answer, Sir?

Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very Brink of Glory? where, alas!
I look, and tremble at the vast Descent:
Yet even there, to the vast Bottom, down
My rash Adventurer Love would have me leap,
And grasp my *Athenais* with my Ruin.

Leont. 'Tis well, my Lord ———

Vara.

38 THEODOSIUS; or

Vara. Why dost thou then provoke me?
I thought that *Persia's* Court had store of Honour
To satisfy the Height of thy Ambition;
Besides, old Man, my Love is too well grown,
To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour:
What he will do, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you ———

Leont. I know he will not!
Fond Tears, away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy, with his old Man's Preferment,
My Daughter for your Whore.

Vara. Away, I say! my Soul disdains the Motion!

Leont. The Motion of a Marriage; yes, I see it:
Your angry Looks, and haughty Words, betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, Sir,
You have at last rewarded your old Tutor
For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services.
Yet let me tell you, Sir, this humble Maid,
This Daughter of a poor Philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a Throne
As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Vara. I think that Age, and deep Philosophy,
Have crack'd thy Brain: Farewel, old *Leontine*;
Retire to Rest; and when this brawling Humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,
And clear th' Accounts of Love, which thou hast blot-
ted. [Exit.]

Leont. Old *Leontine*! perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold my Heart, and let that solid Virtue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the Reins.
O *Athenais*! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our Actions; and methinks,
At least a Father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy Easiness:
There is a kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb Grief, which shames all clam'rous Sorrow.

Athen. Alas! my Breast is full of Death; methinks
I fear ev'n you ———

Leont. Why shouldst thou fear thy Father?

Athen.

Athen. Because you have the Figure of a Man!
Is there, O speak, a Possibility
To be forgiv'n?

Leont. Thy Father does forgive thee,
And Honour will; but on this hard Condition,
Never to see him more ———

Athen. See him! Oh Heav'ns!

Leont. Unless it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him:
Not tho' he should repent, and strait return,
Nay proffer thee his Crown ——— No more of that.
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd Father.
For 'tis Revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the World shall praise ———

Athen. Oh, give me leave;
For yet I am all Tendernefs: The Woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my Breast,
And visits all the warmer Mansions there,
Where she so oft has harbour'd false *Varanes*,
Cruel *Varanes*! false forsworn *Varanes*!

Leont. Is this forgetting him? Is this the Course
Which Honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, Sir, allow
A little time for Love to make his Way:
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thousand Oaths, it cost him.
And Oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel,
Which thus I sacrifice: And Oh! I swear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to serve him,
As now I shed these Drops, or vent these Sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leont. No Woman sure, but thou, so low in Fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair Example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a Prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in After-times,

That

40 THEODOSIUS; or

That there was ever such a Maid in Being :
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy Virtue ;
And since he does disdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be —————

Athen. Hold, Sir, oh ! hold, forbear :
For my nice Soul abhors the very Sound ;
Yet with the Shame of that, and the Desire
Of an immortal Name, I am inspir'd !
All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me ;
All Tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my Bosom colder than the Grave.

Leont. Oh, *Athenais* ! on ; 'tis bright before thee,
Pursue the Track, and thou shalt be a Star.

Athen. Oh, *Leontine*, I swear, my noble Father,
That I will starve, ere once forego my Virtue :
And thus let's join to contradict the World :
That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man
To sell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter ;
And she too match'd the Spirit of her Father ;
'Tho' humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed ;
Who, tho' she lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.

" Patterns like these will guilty Courts improve,

" And teach the Fair to blush at conscious Love :

" Then let all Maids for Honour come in View,

" If any Maid can more for Glory do. [Exeunt.



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

V A R A N E S.



COME to my Arms, my faithful, dear *Arantes*,
Soft Counsellor, Companion of my Youth.
If I had longer been alone, most sure,
With the Distraction that surrounds my
Heart,

My Hand would have rebell'd against his Master,
And done a Murder here.

Arantb. The Gods forbid.

Vara. I swear, I press thee with as hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
When from a Dream of Death she wak'd, and found
Her Lover safe, and sleeping by her Side.

Arantb. The Cause, my Lord?

Vara. Early thou know'st last Night I went to Rest:
But long, my Friend, ere Slumber clos'd my Eyes,
Long was the Combat fought, 'twixt Love and Glory;
The Fever of my Passion burnt me up;
My Pangs grew stronger, and my Rack was doubled;
My Bed was all afloat with the cold Drops,
That mortal Pain wrang from my lab'ring Limbs;
My Groans more deep than others dying Gasps;
Therefore, I charge thee, haste to her Apartment;
I do conjure thee, tell her, tell her all
My Fears can urge, or Fondness can invent.
Tell her how I repent, say any Thing;
For any Thing I'll do to quench my Fires;
Say, I will marry her now on the Instant:
Say all that I would say; yet in the End
My Love shall make it more than Gods can utter.

Arantb.

42 THEODOSIUS; or,

Aranth. My Lord, both *Leontine* and she are gone
From their Apartment ———

Vara. Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

Aranth. That was my whole Employment all this Day;
But, Sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left
No Track behind for Care to find 'em out:
Nor is it possible ———

Vara. It is, it shall;
I'll struggle with Impossibilities,
To find my *Athenais*: Not the Walls
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, shall hide her from me.
I'll bring the Force of all my Father's Arms,
And lay 'em waste, but I'll redeem my Love.
Oh, *Leontine*! morose old *Leontine*!
Thou mere Philosopher! Oh, cruel Sage,
Who for one hasty Word, one chol'ric Doubt,
Hast turn'd the Seale: tho' in the sacred Balance
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire, hung!

Aranth. Most, sure, my Lord, they are retir'd to
Athens.
I will send Post to Night. ———

Vara. No, no *Aranthes*:
Prepare my Chariots; for I'll go in Person.
I swear, till now, till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
I swear I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away: I'll to the Emperor;
Thou to the hasty Management of my Bus'ness:
Prepare; To-day I'll go, To-day I'll find her:
No more; I'll take my leave of *Theodosius*,
And meet thee on the *Hippodrome*. Away:
Let the wild Hurry of thy Master's Love
Make quick thy Apprehension: Haste, and leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Pulcheria, Atticus, Leontine, *Votaries leading Athenais in Procession after her Baptism, to be Confirm'd.*

Atticus sings.

*Oh Chrysoftom! look down and see
An Off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee!
So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
That she on Earth appears a Star.*

Chor. *Eudisia is the Virgin's Name,
And After-times shall sing her Fame.*

Atticus *Lead her, Votaries, lead her in:
Her holy Birth does now begin.*

1. Votary. *In humble Weeds, but clean Array,
Your Hours shall sweetly pass away;
And when the Rites Divine are past,
To pleasant Gardens you shall haste.*

2 Votary. *Where many a flow'ry Bed we have,
That Emblem still to each a Grave;
And, when within the Stream we look,
With Tears we use to swell the Brook:
But Oh, when in the liquid Glass
Our Heav'n appears, we sigh to pass!*

Chor. *For Heav'n alone we are design'd;
And all Things bring our Heav'n to Mind.*

Athen. O Princess! O most worthy of the World,
That is submitted by its Emperor [Kneels.
To your most wise and providential Sway!
What Greek or Roman Eloquence can paint
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul!
I am adopted yours; you are my Goddes,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,
And, by the Platform of a Work Divine,
New-fram'd, new-built me to your own Desires;
Thrown all the Lumber of my Passions out,

And

44 THEODOSIUS; or,

And made my Heart a Mansion of Perfection;
Clean as an Anchorite's Grot, or Vot'ry's Cell,
And spotless as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore!

Pulch. Rise, *Eudofia*,

And let me fold my Christian in my Arms:
With this dear Pledge of an eternal Love,
I seal thee, O *Eudofia*! mine for ever.
Accept, blest Charge, the Vows of my Affection:
For, by the sacred Friendship that I give thee,
I think that Heav'n by Miracle did send thee,
To ease my Cares, to help me in my Counsels,
To be my Sister, Partner in my Bed;
And equally, thro' my whole Course of Life,
To be the better Part of thy *Pulcheria*,
And share my Griefs and Joys.

Athen. No, Madam, no;

Excuse the Cares that this sad Wretch must bring you;
Oh, rather let me leave the World for ever:
Or if I must partake your Royal Secrets,
If you resolve to load me with such Honour,
Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,
Where I may fly all human Conversation;
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n! if possible,
Of Mankind more.

Pulch. What now, in Tears, *Eudofia*?

Athen. Far from the Guilt of Palaces, oh send me!

Drive me, oh drive me from the Traitor Man!
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lions Haunts, or in some Tiger's Den;
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
'That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean;
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb,
Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep.
Yet not ev'n there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin
As Man, false Man, smiling destructive Man.

Pulch.

The Force of Love.

45

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, *Eudofia*, Oh, my Sister!
Still nearer to my Heart, so much the dearer;
Because our Fates are like, and Hand in Hand
Our Fortunes lead us thro' the Maze of Life:
I'm glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with Danger;
Since thou hast 'scap'd the Ruin—Methinks it lightens
The Weight of my Calamities, that thou
(In all Things else so perfect and divine)
Art yet akin to my Infirmary,
And bear'st thy Part in Love's melodious Ill:
Love, that, like Bane perfum'd, infects the Mind;
That sad Delight that charms all Womankind.

Atben. Yes, Madam, I confess that Love has charm'd
me,

But never shall again. No, I renounce him;
Inspire me all the Wrongs of abus'd Women,
All you that have been cozen'd by false Men;
See what a strict Example I will make:
But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

Pulch. Oh, thou far more than the most masculine
Virtue!

Where, our *Astrea*! where, oh, drowning Brightness,
Where hast thou been so long? Let me again
Protest my Admiration, and my Love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear Virtue shines within our Circle,
Vice shall no more appear within the Palace,
But hide her dazled Eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court: but, lo! the Emp'ror comes.

Enter Theodosius and Attendants.

Beauty, like thine, may drive that Form away,
That has so long entranc'd his Soul—My Lord—

Theod. If yet, alas! I might but hope to see her;
But, Oh, forgive me, Heav'n, this wilder Start,
That thus would reach Impossibility:
No, no, I never must behold her more;

As

46 THEODOSIUS; or,

As well my *Atticus* might raise the Dead,
As *Leontine* should charm that Form in View.

Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your Grief a Cure,
With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire
That tortur'd you so long — Behold this Virgin —
The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine*.

Theo. Ha!

Pulch. She is your Sister's Charge, and made a
Christian;
And *Athenais* is *Eudofia* now.

Be sure a fairer never grac'd Religion,
And for her Virtue she transcends Example.

Theo. O all ye Blest above, how can this be?
Am I awake? Or is this possible? [*Athen. kneels.*

Pulch. She kneels, my Lord: Will you not go and
raise her?

Theo. Nay, do thou raise her; for I'm rooted here:
Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It must be she, that naked dazzling Sweetness;
The very Figure of that Morning Star,
That dropping Pearls, and shedding dewy Beams,
Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd.
Answer me, *Leontine*; Am I distracted?
Or is this true? By thee in all Encounters
I will be rul'd, in Temperance and Wildness,
When Reason clashes with Extravagance:
But speak —

Leont. 'Tis true, my Lord; this is my Daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in *Persia* from all Eyes
But yours, when Chance directed you that Way.

Theo. He says, 'tis true: Why then this heartless
Carriage?

Oh, were I Proof against the Darts of Love,
And cold to Beauty, as the Marble Lover
That lies, without a Thought, upon his Tomb;
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro' me,
And waken Death itself? — Why am I slow then?
What hinders now, but that in spite of Rules

I burst thro' all the Bands of Death that hold me, [Ho!
And fly with such a Haste to that Appearance, kneels.
As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons?

Athen. The Emp'ror at my Feet! O Sir! forgive me:
Drown me not thus with everlasting Shame.
Both Heav'n and Earth must blush at such a View:
Nor can I bear it longer——

Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy——

Theo. Ha! what say'st thou, *Leontine*?
Unworthy! O thou Atheist to Perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair;
All that the gaudy Heav'ns could drop down glorious!
Unworthy say'st thou! Wert thou not her Father,
I swear I would revenge.— But haste, and tell me;
For Love like mine will bear no second Thought;
Can all the Honours of the Orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,
With spotless Thoughts, and languishing Desires,
Obtain, O *Leontine*, (the Crown at last)
To thee I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride?

Leon. My Lord, the Honour bears such Estimation,
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my Daughter with Confusion;
Who, with her Body prostrate on the Earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.

Theo. Let me embrace and thank thee: O kind
Heav'n!

O *Atticus*! *Pulcheria*! O my Father!
Was ever Change like mine? Run thro' the Streets;
Who waits there? Run, and, loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpet Sounds proclaim your Emp'ror's Joy.
And as of old, on the great Festival
Of her they call the Mother of the Gods,
Let all Work cease; at least, an oaken Garland
Crown each *Plebeian* Head: Let sprightly Bowls
Be dol'd about, and the tofs'd Cymbals found:
Tell 'em, their much lamented *Theodosius*
By Miracle is brought from Death to Life;
His Melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the State's Helm again;

Nor

48 THEODOSIUS; or,

Not fear a Wreck, while this bright Star directs us;
For while she shines, no Sands, no couring Rocks
Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my Way,
Secure as *Neptune*, through the highest Stream,
And to the Port in Safety steer the World.

Athen. Alas, my Lord, consider my Extraction,
With all my other Wants —

Theo. Peace, Empress, Peace!
No more the Daughter of old *Leontine*;
A Christian now, and Partner of the East.

Athen. My Father has dispos'd me, you command me;
What can I answer then but my Obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria*; and, oh tell her,
To-morrow, if she please, I will be happy: [*Ex. Pulch.*
O why so long should I my Joys delay?
Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes stay,
But to a Moment change the tedious Day.
The Day! 'twill be an Age before To-morrow:
An Age, a Death, a vast Eternity,
Where we shall cold, and past Enjoyment, lie.

Enter Varanes and Arantes.

Vara. O *Theodosius*!

Theo. Ha! my Brother here!
Why dost thou come to make my Bliss run o'er?
What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Mis'ry in — O, my *Varanes*!
Thou that of late didst seem to walk on Clouds,
Now give a loose, let go the slacken'd Reins,
Let us drive down the Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

Vara. My Lord, I'm glad to find the Gale is turn'd;
And give you Joy of this auspicious Fortune.
Plough on your Way, with all your Streamers out;
With all your glorious Flags and Streamers ride
Triumphant on — And leave me to the Waves,
The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the sure Destruction!
And ready Gulphs, that gape to swallow me.

Theo.

The Force of Love.

49

Theo. It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,
Who had been dead by this time to Ambition,
To Crowns, to Titles, and my slighted Greatness.
But still as if each Work of thine deserv'd
The Smile of Heav'n — Thy *Theodosius* met
With something dearer than his Diadem,
With all that's worth a Wish, that's worth a Life;
I met with that which made me leave the World.

Vara. And I, O Turn of Chance! O cursed Fortune!
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial Pow'rs! But now no more:
The Gods, my dear, my most lov'd *Theodosius*,
Double all those Joys, that thou hast met, upon thee!
For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more
Than *Jove* in all his Prodigality
Can e'er bestow in Blessings on Mankind!
And Oh, methinks my Soul is strangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
That thou and I cannot be blest together:
For I must leave thee, Friend! this Night must leave
thee,

To go in doubtful Search of what perhaps
I ne'er shall find; if so my cruel Fate
Has order'd it: Why then farewell for ever;
For I shall never, never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender Soul is grown
Of what you utter! O my gallant Friend!
O Brother! O *Varanes*! do not judge
By what I speak, for Sighs will interrupt me;
Judge by my Tears, judge by these strict Embraces,
And by my last Resolve: 'Tho' I have met
With what in Silence I so long ador'd;
'Tho', in the Rapture of protesting Joys,
I had set down To-morrow for my Nuptials;
And *Atticus* To-night prepares the Temple;
Yet my *Varanes*, I will rob my Soul
Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,
And wander with thee in the Search of that
On which thy Life depends —

C

Vara.

50 THEODOSIUS; or,

Vara. If this I suffer,
Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,
And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodosius*, no;
I charge thee by our Friendship, and conjure thee
By all the Gods, to mention this no more:
Perhaps, dear Friend, I shall be sooner here
Than you expect, or I myself imagine:
What most I grieve, is, that I cannot wait
To see your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,
And all my Adorations to your Bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*, will you be so cruel
As not to see my Bride before you go?
Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,
Who has already ravish'd half my Heart,
That once was all your own?

Vara. You know I am disorder'd!
My Melancholy will not suit her blest Condition.

[Exit *Theo.*

And the Gods know, since thou, my *Athenais*,
Art fled from these sick Eyes, all other Women
To my pall'd Soul seem like the Ghost of Beauty,
And haunt my Mem'ry with the Loss of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodosius leading her.

Theo. Behold, my Lord, th' Occasion of my Joy.

Vara. O ye immortal Gods! *Aranthes*! Oh!
Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't possible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emp'ror says you are his Friend;
He charges me to use my Interest,
And beg of you to stay, at least so long
As our Espousals will be solemnizing.
I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
But that so slightly, as I could not warrant
The Grant of any Thing that I should ask you——

Vara. O Heaven and Earth! O *Athenais*! why,
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the World,
Thou know'st it should be thine.

Athen. I know not that——
But yet, to make sure Work, one Half of it

Is mine, already, Sir, without your giving.
My Lord, the Prince is obstinate, his Glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman:
He is all Hero, bent for higher Game.
Therefore, 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my Lord, yet for myself,
I must intreat the Favour to retire. [*Ex. Athen. &c.*]

Vara. Death! and Despair! Confusion! Hell and
Furies! [Virtue!]

Theo. Heav'n guard thy Health, and still preserve thy
What should this mean? I fear the Consequence;
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Vara. Undone! *Aranthes*! lost, undone for ever!
I see my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,
As plain as if I saw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muster all my Spirits up,
Digest my Grievs, swallow the rising Passions.
Yes, I will stand the Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my Life.

Theo. You muse, my Lord; and, if you'll give me leave
To judge your Thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my Bride: I guess you know her too.

Vara. His Bride! O Gods, give me a Moment's
I must confess the Sight of *Athenais*, [Patience.
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd and so adorn'd, did raise my Wonder:
But what exceeds all Admiration, is,
That you should talk of making her your Bride;
'Tis such a blind Effect of monstrous Fortune,
That tho' I will remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe ———

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will espouse her.

Vara. Ha! I shall leap the Bounds. Come, come,
my Lord;

By all these Pow'rs you nam'd, I say you must not.

Theo. I say, I will; and who shall bar my Pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the Judgment of my Soul.
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Balance,
And *Athenais* loses by the Marriage.

52 THEODOSIUS; or,

Vara. Relentless Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?
Sir, I must tell you, this unkindly Meanness
Suits the Profession of an Anchorite well:
But in an Oriental Emperor
It gives Offence; nor can you without Scandal,
Without the Notion of a grov'ling Spirit,
Espouse the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
Whose utmost Glory is t'have been my Tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that Employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant Height
Of full Perfection, and Imperial Greatness,
That ev'n for this Respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Vara. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom?
For I must boldly urge in such a Cause,
Who overflatters you, tho' ne'er so near
Related to your Blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If Friendship would admit a cold Suspicion,
After what I have heard, and seen to To-day,
Of all Mankind I should suspect *Varanes*.

Vara. He has stung me to the Heart; my Groans will
Unless my struggling Passion gets a Vent. [choak me,
Out with it then—— I can no more dissemble——
Yes, yes, my Lord: Since you reduce me to
The last Necessity, I must confess it;
I must avow my Flame for *Athenais*.
I am all Fire, my Passion eats me up,
It grows incorp'rate with my Flesh and Blood:
My Pangs redouble; now they cleave my Heart!
O *Athenais*! O *Eudesia*—— oh ——
'Tho' plain as Day I see my own Destruction,
Yet to my Death, and oh, let all the Gods
Bear Witness! still I swear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas! *Varanes*! Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for Death, is yet above the Stars;
But, while we live, let us preserve our Friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.
'This only Mean in two such hard Extremes
Remains for both: To-morrow you shall see her,

With

With all Advantage, in her own Apartment ;
Take your own Time, say all you can to gain her ;
If you can win her, lead her into *Perfia* ;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Vara. Still worse and worse ! O *Theodosius* ! oh !
I cannot speak for Sighs : My Death is seal'd
By this last Sweetness : Had you been less good,
I might have hop'd : But now my Doom's at Hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple :
The Gods too give you Joy ! O *Athenais* !
Why does thy Image mock my foolish Sorrow ?
O *Theodosius*, do not see my Tears :
Away, and leave me ; leave me to the Grave.

Theo. Farewel ; let's leave the Issue to the Heav'ns.
I will prepare your Way with all that Honour
Can urge in your Behalf, tho' to my Ruin. [Ex. Theo.]

Vara. O I could tear my Limbs, and eat my Flesh !
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious Fool !
Damn'd be all Courts, and treble damn'd Ambition !
Blasted be thy Remembrance ! Curses on thee !
And Plagues on Plagues fall on those Fools that seek thee !

Aranth. Have Comfort, Sir —

Vara. Away, and leave me, Villain !
Traitor, who wrought me first to my Destruction ! —
Yet stay, and help, help me to curse my Pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been Royal,
That I had never heard the Name of *Cyrus*,
That my first Brawl in Court had been my last.
O that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain !
Where I Extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And, blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose ;
Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her smiling Offspring at the Gate,
Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait :
Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed Courts for Glory die — [Exeunt.]

54 THEODOSIUS; or,

SONG.

I.

*HAIL to the Myrtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields!
Kings would not here invade
Those Pleasures that Virtue yields.*

Chor. *Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing Mind;
And Phyllis unlocks her Charms,
Ah Phyllis! oh why so kind?*

II.

*Phyllis, thou Soul of Love,
Thou Joy of the neighbouring Swains;
Phyllis that crowns the Grove,
And Phyllis that gilds the Plains;*

Chor. *Phyllis, that ne'er had the Skill,
To paint, to patch, and be fine;
Yet Phyllis whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature hath made Divine;*

III.

*Phyllis, whose charming Song
Makes Labour and Pains a Delight;
Phyllis that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live long Night;*

Chor. *Phyllis, whose Lips, like May,
Still laugh at the Sweets they bring;
Where Love never knows Decay,
But sets with eternal Spring.*

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Marcian, and Lucius at a Distance.

MARCIAN.

THE Gen'ral of the Oriental Armies,
Was a Commission large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone. Why what care I? O For-
tune, Fortune!
Thou laughing Empress of this busy
World!

Marcian defies thee now. ———

Why what a Thing is a discarded Favourite?
He who but now, tho' longing to retire,
Cou'd not for busy Waiters be alone,
'Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Closet,
With a full Croud, and an eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd;
Shunn'd as a Ghost, the clouded Man appears,
And all the gaudy Worshippers forsake him.
So fares it now with me: Where-e'er I come,
As if I were another *Catiline*,
The Courtiers rise, and no Man will sit near me:
As if the Plague were on me, all Men fly me:
O *Lucius*! *Lucius*! if thou leav'st me too,
I think, I think, I could not bear it;
But, like a Slave, my Spirit, broke with Suff'ring,
Should on these coward Knees fall down, and beg
Once to be great again——

Luc. Forbid it, Heav'n!

That e'er the noble *Marcian* condescend
To ask of any, but th' immortal Gods!
Nay, I avow, if yet your Spirit dare,
Spight of the Court, you shall be great as *Cæsar*.

Marc. No, *Lucius*, no; the Gods repel that Humour.
Yet since we are alone, and must ere long

56 THEODOSIUS; or,

Leave this bad Court; let us, like Veterans,
 Speak out — Thou sayst, alas! as great as *Cæsar*:
 But where's his Greatness? Where is his Ambition?
 If any Sparks of Virtue yet remain
 In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory;
 I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
 Compar'd with what his great Forefathers were!
 How should he lighten, then, or awe the World,
 Whose Soul in Courts is but a lambent Fire;
 And scarce, O *Rome*, a Glow-worm in the Field?
 Soft, Young, Religious! God-like Qualities
 For one that should recover the lost Empire,
 And wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains
 Of slaughter'd Bodies! to immortal Honour!

Luc. Poor Heart! he pin'd awhile ago for Love.

Marc. And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World;
 But some new Chance, it seems, has chang'd his Mind.
 A Marriage! but to whom, or whence she came,
 None knows; but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd;
 Pageants prepar'd; the Arches are adorn'd;
 The Statues crown'd; the *Hippodrome* does groan
 Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors;
 The Theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.
 Gods! Gods! Is this the Image of our *Cæsars*?
 Is this the Image of our *Romulus*?
 O why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* Glory?
 Not *Rome's*, but yours! Is this Man fit to bear it?
 This waxen Portraiture of Majesty!
 Which ev'ry warmer Passion does melt down,
 And makes him fonder than a Woman's Longing!

Luc. Thus much I know, to the eternal Shame
 Of the Imperial Blood; this upstart Empress,
 This fine new Queen, is sprung from abject Parents;
 Nay, basely born! But that's all one to him:
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak? Shall I not tell him of it?
 I feel this big-swoln throbbing *Roman* Spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter

Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.

Marc. *Pulcheria* here! why she's the Scourge of *Mar-*
I tremble too whenever she approaches; [cian;
And my Heart dances an unusual Measure:
Spight of myself, I blush, and cannot stir,
While she is here — What, *Lucius*, can this mean?
'Tis said *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cæsar*;
Augustus doted on the subtle *Livia*:
Why then should I not worship that fair Anger?
Oh didst thou mark her, when her Fury lighten'd?
She seem'd all Goddess; nay, her Frowns became her:
There was a Beauty in her very Wildness.
Were I a Man born great as our first Founder,
Sprung from the Blood Divine — But I am cast,
Beyond all Possibility of Hope —

Pulch. Come hither, *Marcian*! read this Paper o'er,
And mark the strange Neglect of *Theodosius*:
He signs whate'er I bring; perhaps you've heard
To-morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,
New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd *Eudofia*;
Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire:
Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,
And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,
That she should lose her Head To-morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder
On his own Person, than permit a Vein
Of her to bleed; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow.
If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,
By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer — —
Without a View! Ha! but I had forgot:
Julia let's haste from this infectious Person — —
I had forgot that *Marcian* was a Traitor:
Yet, by the Pow'rs Divine, I swear 'tis pity,
That one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,
All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,
The noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,
Should not be honest: *Julia*, is't not pity!

58 THEODOSIUS; or,

O *Marcian*, *Marcian*! I could weep to think
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
Repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy Errors; so farewell for ever.

[Exit *Pulch.* *Jul.*

Marc. Farewel for ever! no, Madam, ere I go,
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me:
Then, if you please, take off this Traitor's Head;
End my Commission and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I'm going to say;
But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:
Pulcheria loves this Traitor! Did you mark her?
At first she had forgot your Banishment;
Makes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,
As to a Friend; nay, leaves them in your Hand,
And says, 'Tis pity that you are not honest!
With such Description of your Gallantry,
As none but Love could make: Then, taking leave,
Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,
Methought she shot her Soul at ev'ry Glance;
Still looking back, as if she had a Mind
That you should know she left her Heart behind her

In mere Perfumes, and od'rous Distillations,
Of Sesterces at once Four hundred Millions:
Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,
And wanton *Cupids* dance, and clap their Wings.
No Matter what becomes of the poor Soldiers,
So they perform the Drudg'ry they are fit for!
Why, let 'em starve for want of their Arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you're a Traitor!

Marc. Go to, you're a Boy! —

Or by the Gods —

Theo. If Arrogance like this,
And to the Emp'ror's Face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a Coward. — Die then, Villain,
A Death too glorious for so bad a Man,
By *Theodosius*' Hand.

[*Marcian* disarms him,
but is wounded.

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the Name of all our *Roman* Spirits,
Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my Honours?
Torn my Commissions, sham'd me to the Earth,
Banish'd the Court, a Vagabond for ever?
Does not the Soldier hourly ask it from me?

Sigh

SCENE II.

Theodosius lying on a Couch, with two Boys dress'd like Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

*Happy Day! ah happy Day,
That Cæsar's Beams did first display!
So peateful was the happy Day,
The Gods themselves did all look down,
The Royal Infant's Birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they scarce did on the Guilty frown.*

*Happy Day! ah happy Day!
And oh thrice happy Hour,
That made such Goodness Master of such Pow'r!
For thus the Gods declare to Men,
No Day like this shall ever come agen.*

*Ravin from th' Empire its dear Health,
Well-being, Happiness, and ancient Glory?
Go on in this dishonourable Rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd Troops
Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp;
And, like pin'd Birds, for want of Sustenance,
Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods;
Give to my Hand Forbearance, to my Heart
Its constant Loyalty: I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this Death of Honour,
And shew him what he should be.*

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some Monster, most unheard of:
First, as the Ruin of the Army; then,
Of taking your Commission: But, by Heav'n,
I swear, O *Marcian*! this I never did,
Nor e'er intended it: Nor say I this
To alter thy stern Usage; for with what [brance,
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my Remem-
I grow already weary of my Life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your Word: You do not know
The Wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels;
The horrid Usage of the suff'ring Soldier:

But

56 *T H E O D O S I U S ; or,*

Leave this bad Court ; let us, like Veterans,
 Speak out — Thou sayst, alas ! as great as *Cæsar* :
 But where's his Greatness ? Where is his Ambition ?
 If any Sparks of Virtue yet remain
 In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory ;
 I say, if any be, how dim they shine,
 Compar'd with what his great Forefathers were !
 How should he lighten, then, or awe the World,
 Whose Soul in Courts is but a lambent Fire ;
 And scarce, O *Rome*, a Glow-worm in the Field ?
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 For one that should recover the lost Empire,
 And wade thro' Seas of Blood, and walk o'er Mountains
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Marc. And for his Mistress vow'd to leave the World ;
 But some new Chance, it seems, has chang'd his Mind.
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 Pageants prepar'd ; the Arches are adorn'd ;
 The Statues crown'd ; the *Hippodrome* does groan
 Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors ;
 The Theatre is open'd too, where he
 And the hot *Persian* mean to act their Follies.
 Gods ! Gods ! Is this the Image of our *Cæsars* ?
 Is this the Image of our *Romulus* ?
 O why so poorly have you stamp'd *Rome's* Glory ?
 Not *Rome's*, but yours ! Is this Man fit to bear it ?
 This waxen Portraiture of Majesty !
 Which ev'ry warmer Passion does melt down,
 And makes him fonder than a Woman's Longing !

Luc. Thus much I know, to the eternal Shame
 Of the Imperial Blood ; this upstart Empress,
 This fine new Queen, is sprung from abject Parents ;
 Nay, basely born ! But that's all one to him :
 He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not speak ? Shall I not tell him of it ?
 I feel this big-swoln throbbing *Roman* Spirit
 Will burst, unless I utter what I ought.

Enter

Enter Pulcheria with a Paper in her Hand, and Julia.

Marc. *Pulcheria* here! why she's the Scourge of *Marc-*
I tremble too whenever she approaches; [cian;

And my Heart dances an unusual Measure:

Spight of myself, I blush, and cannot stir,

While she is here — What, *Lucius*, can this mean?

'Tis said *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cæsar*;

Augustus doted on the subtle *Livia*:

Why then should I not worship that fair Anger?

Oh didst thou mark her, when her Fury lighten'd?

She seem'd all Goddesses; nay, her Frowns became her:

There was a Beauty in her very Wildness.

Were I a Man born great as our first Founder,

Sprung from the Blood Divine — But I am cast,

Beyond all Possibility of Hope —

Pulch. Come hither, *Marcian*! read this Paper o'er,

And mark the strange Neglect of *Theodosius*:

He signs whate'er I bring; perhaps you've heard

To-morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,

New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd *Eudofia*;

Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire:

Yet in this Paper he hath set his Hand,

And seal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,

That she should lose her Head To-morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder

On his own Person, than permit a Vein

Of her to bleed; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow.

If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,

By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer — — —

Without a View! Ha! but I had forgot:

Julia let's haste from this infectious Person — — —

I had forgot that *Marcian* was a Traitor:

Yet, by the Pow'rs Divine, I swear 'tis pity,

That one so form'd by Nature for all Honour,

All Titles, Greatness, Dignities Imperial,

The noblest Person, and the bravest Courage,

Should not be honest: *Julia*, is't not pity!

58 THEODOSIUS; or,

O *Marcian*, *Marcian*! I could weep to think
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
Repent, rash Man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy Errors; so farewell for ever.

[Exit Pulch. Jul.

Marc. Farewel for ever! no, Madam, ere I go,
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me:
Then, if you please, take off this Traitor's Head;
End my Commission and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I'm going to say;
But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:

Pulcheria loves this Traitor! Did you mark her?
At first she had forgot your Banishment;
Makes you her Counsellor, and tells her Secrets,
As to a Friend; nay, leaves them in your Hand,
And says, 'Tis pity that you are not honest!
With such Description of your Gallantry,
As none but Love could make: Then, taking leave,
Thro' the dark Lashes of her darting Eyes,
Methought she shot her Soul at ev'ry Glance;
Still looking back, as if she had a Mind
That you should know she left her Heart behind her.

Marc. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I:
Nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her.
But let's away. This Paper is of Use.

Luc. I guess your Purpose:
He is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll use him:
'There is no other Way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with Sleep, for ever lost to Honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. O, my *Lucius*!
Methinks the Ghosts of the Great *Theodosius*,
And thund'ring *Constantine*, appear before me:
They charge me as a Soldier to chastize him,
To lash him with keen Words from lazy Love,
And shew him how they trod the Paths of Honour.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Theodosius lying on a Couch, with two Boys dress'd like Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

*Happy Day! ah happy Day,
That Cæsar's Beams did first display!
So peaceful was the happy Day,
The Gods themselves did all look down,
The Royal Infant's Birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they scarce did on the Guilty frown.*

*Happy Day! ah happy Day!
And oh thrice happy Hour,
That made such Goodness Master of such Pow'r!
For thus the Gods declare to Men,
No Day like this shall ever come agen.*

Enter Marcian with an Order.

Theo. Ha! what rash Thing art thou, who sett'st so
A Value on thy Life, thus to presume [small
Against the fatal Orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's Solitude,
And urge me to thy Ruin?

Marc. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd, and for my Pardon bow
To thee, as to the Gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your Mercy, when you know
The Nature of my Crime. I am commission'd
From all the Earth to give thee Thanks and Praises,
Thou Darling of Mankind! whose conqu'ring Arms
Already drown the Glory of great *Julius*!
Whose deeper Reach in Laws and Policy
Makes wise *Augustus* envy thee in Heav'n!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious Virtue?
When scarce the manly Down yet shades thy Face,

60 THEODOSIUS; or,

With Conquests thus to over run the World,
And make Barbarians tremble? O, ye Gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the Bloom
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the Loss
Of lov'd *Germanicus*; thy Funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with Tears and Blood.

Theo. How, *Marcian*!

Marc. Yes, the raging Multitude,
Like Torrents, set no Bound to their mad Grief;
Shave their Wives Heads, and tear off their own Hair;
With wild Despair they bring their Infants out,
To brawl their Parents Sorrow in the Streets:
Trade is no more, all Courts of Justice stopt;
With Stones they dash the Windows of their Temples,
Pull down their Altars; break their Household Gods;
And still the universal Groan is this,
Constantinople's lost, our Empire's ruin'd:
Since he is gone, that Father of his Country;
Since he is dead, O Life, where is thy Pleasure?
O *Rome*! O conquer'd World! where is thy Glory?

Theo. I know thee well, thy Custom and thy Manners.
Thou dost upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy Life ———

Marc. What's Life without my Honour?
Could you transform yourself into a *Gorgon*,
Or make that beardless Face like *Jupiter's*,
I would be heard in spite of all your Thunder:
O Pow'r of Guilt! you fear to stand the Test,
Which Virtue brings; like Sores, your Vices shake
Before this *Roman* Healer. But, by th' Gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.
This is a Debt to the Great *Theodosius*,
The Grandfather of your illustrious Blood;
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming *Marcian*!
What canst thou urge against my Innocence?
Thro' the whole Course of all my harmless Youth,
Ev'n to this Hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked Act which I have done to shame me.

Marc.

The Force of Love. 61

Marc. This may be true: yet if you give the Sway
To other Hands, and your poor Subjects suffer,
Your Negligence to them is as the Cause.

O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The World, and hear how Soldiers censure Kings:
In After-times, if thus you should go on,
Your Memory by Warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd;
They will despise your Sloth, and backward Ease,
More than they hate the others Cruelty.

And what a Thing, ye Gods, is Scorn, or Pity?
Heap on me, Heav'n, the Hate of all Mankind;
Load me with Malice, Envy, Detestation:
Let me be horrid to all Apprehension,
And the World shun me, so I escape but Scorn.

Theo. Pr'ythee, no more.

Marc. Nay, when the Legions make Comparisons;
And say, Thus cruel *Nero* once resolv'd,
On *Galba's* Insurrection, for Revenge,
To give all *France* as Plunder to the Army;
To poison the whole Senate at a Feast;
To burn the Senate, turn the wild Beasts out,
Bears, Lions, Tigers, on the Multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the Fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious *Rome*.

Theo. O Cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody Temper?

Marc. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a Spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a *Roman*: But for you,
What can your partial Sycophants invent,
To make you Room among the Emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest Part of *Nero*;
A pretty Player, one that can act a Hero,
And never be one. O y'immortal Gods,
Is this the old *Cæsarian* Majesty?
Now, in the Name of our great *Romulus*,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phonascus*?
One to take care of your celestial Voice?

Lie

62 THEODOSIUS; or

Lie on your Back, my Lord; and on your Stomach
Lay a thin Plate of Lead; abstain from Fruits;
And when the Business of the Stage is done,
Retire with your loose Friends to costly Banquets,
While the lean Army groans upon the Ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastize thee: Hence!
Be gone, I say ———

Marc. Not 'till you've heard me out ———
Build too, like him, a Palace lin'd with Gold,
As long and large as that of th' *Esquiline*:
Inclose a Pool too in it, like the Sea;
And at the Empire's Cost let Navies meet:
Adorn your starry Chambers too with Gems;
Contrive the plated Cielings to turn round,
With Pipes to cast Ambrosian Oils upon you:
Consume, with his prodigious Vanity,
In mere Perfumes, and od'rous Distillations,
Of Sesterces at once Four hundred Millions:
Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,
And wanton *Cupids* dance, and clap their Wings.
No Matter what becomes of the poor Soldiers,
So they perform the Drudg'ry they are fit for!
Why, let 'em starve for want of their Arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you're a Traitor!

Marc. Go to, you're a Boy! ———
Or by the Gods ———

Theo. If Arrogance like this,
And to the Emp'r's Face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a Coward. Die then, Villain,
A Death too glorious for so bad a Man,
By *Theodosius*' Hand.

[*Marcian disarms him,*
[but is wounded.

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the Name of all our *Roman* Spirits,
Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my Honours?
Torn my Commissions, sham'd me to the Earth,
Banish'd the Court, a Vagabond for ever?
Does not the Soldier hourly ask it from me?

Sigh

Sigh their own Wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the Throne,
And make, besides, this purple Youth my Footstool?
The Armies court me: and my Country's Cause,
The Injuries of *Rome* and *Greece*, persuade me.
Shew but this *Roman* Blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me Emp'r or whether I will or no:
Did not, for less than this, the latter *Brutus*,
Because he thought *Rome* wrong'd, in Person head
Against his Friend a black Conspiracy,
And stab the Majesty of all the World?

Theo. Act as you please: I am within your Pow'r.

Marc. Did not the former *Brutus*, for the Crime
Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his Kingdom?
And shall this Prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked Wills, and lawless Pleasures,
Ravish from th' Empire its dear Health,
Well-being, Happiness, and antient Glory?
Go on in this dishonourable Rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd Troops
Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp;
And, like pin'd Birds, for want of Sustenance,
Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods;
Give to my Hand Forbearance, to my Heart
Its constant Loyalty: I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this Death of Honour,
And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some Monster, most unheard of:
First, as the Ruin of the Army; then,
Of taking your Commission: But, by Heav'n,
I swear, O *Marcian*! this I never did,
Nor e'er intended it: Nor say I this
To alter thy stern Usage; for with what [brance,
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my Remem-
I grow already weary of my Life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your Word: You do not know
The Wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels;
The horrid Usage of the suff'ring Soldier:

But

64 THEODOSIUS; or

But why will not our *Theodosius* know,
If you entrust the Government to others,
That act these Crimes; who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye Gods! of my plain Dealing,
Of *Marcian's* Honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my Banishment: but, alas!
My Loss is little to what soon will follow;
Reflect but on yourself, and your own Joys;
Let not this Lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro' the City, that you lov'd;
That your Espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your Orders
That this bright Favourite, the lov'd *Eudisia*,
Should lose her Head.

Theo. Oh Heav'n and Earth! What say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the Death of my *Eudisia*?

Marc. 'Tis your own Hand and Signet: Yet I swear,
Tho' you have giv'n to Female Hands your Sway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole Army,
For ever ought to curse all Womankind;
Yet, when the Virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And, on the Scaffold, for that Purpose rais'd
Without the Walls, appear'd before the Army —

Theo. What! on a Scaffold! ha! before the Army!

Marc. How quickly was the Tide of Fury turn'd
To soft Compassion, and relenting Tears? But when the
Sever'd the brightest Beauty of the Earth [Axe
From that fair Body, had you heard the Groan,
Which, like a Peal of distant Thunder, ran
Thro' all the armed Host, you would have thought,
By the immediate Darkness that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at such a Suff'ring,
And all the Gods were angry.

Theo. O *Pulcheria*!
Cruel ambitious Sister! this must be
Thy doing. Oh support me, noble *Marcian*!
Now, now's the Time, if thou dar'st strike; behold,
I offer thee my Breast; with my last Breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my Blood.

Were

Were I to live, thy Counsel shall direct me;
But 'tis too late ———

[He swoons.

Marc. He faints! what, ho! there! *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

My Lord the Emperor, *Eudofia* lives;
She's here, or will be, in a Minute, Moment:
Quick as the Thought, she calls you to the Temple.
Oh, *Lucius*, help — I've gone too far; but see,
He breathes again — *Eudofia* has awak'd him.

Theo. Did not you name *Eudofia*?

Marc. Yes, she lives:

I did but feign the Story of her Death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your Heart:
And may the Gods rain all their Plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!
Yet 'tis most certain, that you sign'd her Death,
Not knowing what the wise *Pulcheria* offer'd,
Who left it in my Hand to startle you:
But by my Life and Fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your Life. O pardon me,
Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emp'rour, Royal Master!
Droop not because I utter'd some rash Words,
And was a Madman — By th' Immortal Gods!
I love you as my Soul: Whate'er I said,
My Thoughts were otherwise; believe these Tears,
Which do not use to flow: All shall be well.
I swear that there are Seeds in that sweet Temper,
T'atone for all the Crimes in this bad Age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my *Eudofia*'s Life.

What, but my Love, could have call'd back that Life
Which thou hast made me hate? But oh, methought,
'Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever rev'renc'd as my Father,
To hear so harsh a Message! — But no more:
We're Friends: Thy Hand. Nay, if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my Arms about thy Neck,
I'll not believe thy Love! In this forgive me.
First let me wed *Eudofia*, and we'll out;
We will, my General, and make Amends
For all that's past: Glory and Arms, ye call,
And *Marcian* leads me on —

Marc.

66 THEODOSIUS; or,

Marc. Let her not rest then;
 Espouse her strait: I'll strike you at a Heat.
 May this great Humour get large Growth within you;
 And be encourag'd by the embold'ning Gods!
 O what a Sight will this be to the Soldier,
 To see me bring you dress'd in shining Armour,
 To head the shouting Squadrons——O ye Gods!
 Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy,
 The Sounds of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums.
 I see each starving Soldier bound from Earth,
 As if a God by Miracle had rais'd him;
 And, with beholding you, grow fat again:
 Nothing but gazing Eyes, and op'ning Mouths,
 Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you;
 Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down
 With broken *Io's*, and with sobbing Raptures,
 Crying, To Arms; he's come; our Emp'ror's come
 To win the World. Why is not this far better
 Than lolling in a Lady's Lap, and sleeping,
 Fasting, or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
 And, for *Eudofia*, she is yours already:
Marcian has said it, Sir, she shall be yours.

Theo. Oh *Marcian*! Oh my Brother! Father! all!
 Thou best of Friends! most faithful Counsellor!
 I'll find a Match for thee too, ere I rest,
 To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
 I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm no-
 [thing.]

Enter Athenais, meeting Theodosius.

Theo. Alas! *Eudofia*, tell me what to say;
 For my full Heart can scarce bring forth a Word
 Of that which I have sworn to see perform'd.

Athen. I'm perfectly obedient to your Pleasure.

Theo. Well, then, I come to tell thee, that *Varanes*
 Of all Mankind is nearest to my Heart:
 I love him, dear *Eudofia*; and to prove
 That Love on Trial, all my Blood's too little:
 Ev'n thee, if I were sure to die this Moment,
 (As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate

The Force of Love.

67

Is off!) O thou, my Soul's most tender Joy,
With my last Breath I would bequeath him thee.

Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me
to him.

Theo. No, my *Eudofia*; no, I will not yield thee,
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet, thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;
He languishes, despairs, and dies like me:
And I have pass'd my Word, that he shall see thee.

Athen. Ah, Sir, what have you done against yourself,
And me? Why have you pass'd your fatal Word?
Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
To trust myself? Why do you leave me naked
To an Assault, who had made Proof my Virtue,
With this sure Guard, never to see him more.
For, oh! with trembling Agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a Prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his Grief, and gasping at my Feet,
In all the violent Trances of Despair,
Without a Sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. O ye severer Pow'rs! too cruel Fate!
Did ever Love tread such a Maze before?
Yet, *Athenais*, still I trust thy Virtue;
But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember,
That Moment *Theodosius* is no more ———

[*Exit Theo. with Attic. Pulc. Leon.*]

Athen. Now, Glory! now, if ever thou didst work
In Woman's Mind, assist me ——— Oh, my Heart!
Why dost thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
Down, down, I say; think on thy Injuries,
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well: My Eyes are dry,
And all within my Bosom now is still.

Enter Varanes, leaning on Arantes.

Ha! is this he? or is it *Varanes'* Ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his Grave,
Trembling and pale; I must not dare to view him.
For, Oh, I feel his Melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his Sickness.

Vara.

68 THEODOSIUS; or,

Vara. Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
Made sensible by some severe Affliction,
How all their Crimes are register'd in Heav'n,
In that nice Court how no rash Word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all set down;
Thus the poor Penitents with Fear approach
The rev'rend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow: [*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd Earth,
And groan to be forgiven——
Oh, Empress! Oh, *Eudofia*! such you're now.
These are your Titles, and I must not dare
Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my Lord; let me intreat you, rise:
I will not hear you in that humble Posture:
Rise, or I must withdraw — The World will blush
For you and me, should it behold a Prince
Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees
Before the Daughter of a poor Philosopher.

Vara. 'Tis just, you righteous Gods! my Doom is just;
Nor will I strive to deprecate her Anger.
If possible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,
That she may rage till she has broke my Heart:
For all I now desire, and let the Gods,
Those cruel Gods that join to my Undoing,
Be Witnesses to this unnat'ral Wish!
Is to fall dead without a Wound before her.

Athen. O ye known Sounds! But I must steel my Soul.
Methinks these Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!
Is then the Nature of my Fault so heinous,
That when I come to take my eternal Leave,
You'll not vouchsafe to view me? This is Scorn,
Which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*
Would ne'er have harbour'd ——

Oh, for the Sake of him, whom you ere long
Shall hold as fast as now your Wishes form him,
Give me a patient Hearing; for however
I talk of Death, and seem to loath my Life,
I would delib'rate with my Fate awhile,
With snatching Glances eye thee to the last;

Pause

Pause o'er a Loss like that of *Athenais*,
And partly with my Ruin.

Athen. Speak, my Lord:

To hear you is the Emperor's Command;
And for that Cause I readily obey.

Vara. The Emperor, the Emperor's Command!

And for that Cause she readily obeys!

I thank you, Madam, that on any Terms

You condescend to hear me——

Know then, *Eudofia*: Ah, rather let me call thee

By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* still;

That Name that I so often have invok'd,

And which was once auspicious to my Vows:

So oft at Midnight sigh'd amongst the Groves,

The Rivers Murmur, and the Echo's Burden;

Which every Bird could sing, and Wind did bear!

By that dear Name, I make this Protestation,

By all that's good on Earth, or blest in Heav'n,

I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever.

With conscious Blushes too, here, help me, Gods;

Help me to tell her, tho' to my Confusion,

And everlasting Shame; yet I must tell her,

I lay the *Persian* Crown before her Feet.

Athen. My Lord, I thank you, and t'express those
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return [Thanks

The Gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you

With the Example of the Emperor:

Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,

Thus to descend beneath your Majesty,

And swell the Daughter of a poor Philosopher

With Hopes of being great.

Vara. Ah, Madam! ah! you wrong me; by the Gods,
I had repented, ere I knew the Emp'r——

Athen. You find, perhaps too late, that *Athenais*,

However slighted for her Birth and Fortune,

Has something in her Person, and her Virtue,

Worth the Regard of Emperors themselves;

And, to return the Compliment you gave

My Father, *Leontine*, that poor Philosopher,

Whose utmost Glory is t'have been your Tutor;

70 THEODOSIUS; or,

I here protest, by Virtue, and by Glory,
I swear by Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs Divine,
Th' abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man
Shall ne'er be seated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Vara. O Death to all my Hopes! What hast thou sworn?
To turn me wild? Ah, cursed Throne of *Cyrus*!
Would thou hadst been o'erturn'd, and laid in Dust,
His Crown too Thunder-struck; my Father, all
The *Persian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
Blotted, and swept for ever from the World,
When first Ambition blasted thy Remembrance —

Athen. O Heav'n! I had forgot the base Affront
Offer'd by this proud Man; a Wrong so great,
It is remov'd beyond all Hope of Mercy:
He had design'd to bribe my Father's Virtue,
And by unlawful Means —

Fly from my Sight, lest I become a Fury,
And break those Rules of Temp'rance I propos'd;
Fly, fly, *Varanes*! fly this sacred Place
Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd:
This City will not harbour Infidels,
Traitors to Chastity, licentious Princes.
Be gone, I say, thou canst not here be safe;
Fly to Imperial Libertines abroad:
In Foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties
That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.
Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot:
Luxuriant all, and Royal as thyself,
Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heav'n —
Art thou not gone yet?

Vara. No, I'm charm'd to hear you:
O from my Soul I do confess myself
The very Blot of Honour; I'm more black,
Than thou, in all thy Heat of just Revenge,
With all thy glorious Eloquence, canst make me.

Athen. Away, *Varanes*!

Vara. Yes, Madam, I am going —
Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee Pardon:

Nor,

Nor, while I live, will I implore thy Mercy :
 But, when I'm dead, if, as thou dost return
 With happy *Theodosius* from the Temple,
 If, as thou go'st in Triumph through the Streets,
 Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,
 Born by his Friends to his eternal Home ;
 Stop then, O *Athenais* ! and behold me :
 Say, as thou hang'st about the Emp'ror's Neck,
 Alas ! my Lord, this Sight is worth our Pity.
 If to those pitying Words thou add a Tear,
 Or give one parting Groan — If possible,
 If the good Gods will grant my Soul the Freedom,
 I'll leave my Shroud, and wake from Death to thank
 thee.

Athen. He shakes my Resolution from the Bottom :
 My bleeding Heart too speaks in his Behalf,
 And says my Virtue has been too severe.

Vara. Farewel ! O Empress : No *Athenais* now :
 I will not call thee by that tender Name,
 Since cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
 And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death.
 'Tis said that from my Youth I have been rash,
 Chol'ric, and hot ; but let the Gods now judge
 By my last Wish, if ever patient Man
 Did calmly bear so great a Loss as mine :
 Since 'tis so doom'd by Fate, you must be wedded ;
 For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,
 Forget that e'er *Varanes* had a Being :
 Turn all your Soul to *Theodosius*' Bosom.
 Continue, Gods, their Days, and make 'em long !
Lucina wait upon their fruitful *Hymen* !
 And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,
 And pious as the Father, make 'em smile !

Athen. O Heav'ns !

Vara. Farewel — I'll trouble you no more :
 The Malady, that lodg'd within, grows stronger :
 I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate :
 My Heart too trembles at his distant March ;
 Nor can I utter more, if you shou'd ask me.
 Thy Arm, *Aranthes* ! O farewell for ever —

Athen.

72 THEODOSIUS; or,

*Athen. Varanes, stay; and, ere you go for ever,
Let me unfold my Heart.*

Vara. O Athenais!
What further Cruelty hast thou in store
To add to what I suffer?

*Athen. Since 'tis doom'd,
That we must part, let's part as Lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long, and loved well.*

Vara. Art thou so good? O Athenais, oh!

*Athen. First, from my Soul I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that hasty little Error,
Which yet has been the Cause of both our Ruins:
And let this Sorrow witness for my Heart,
How eagerly I wish it had not been;
And, since I cannot keep it, take it all:
Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you:
Or, if 'tis possible, I'll give you more;
Your noble Carriage forces this Confession:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for Love;
I am distracted with this World of Passion.*

Vara. Gods! cruel Gods! take notice I forgive you.

*Athen. Alas! my Lord, my weaker tender Sex
Has not your manly Patience, cannot curb
This Fury in; therefore I let it loose:
Spight of my rigid Duty, I will speak
With all the Dearness of a dying Lover,
Farewel most lovely, and most lov'd of Men!
Why comes this dying Paleness o'er thy Face?
Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why dost thou bend,
As if the fatal Weight of Death were on thee?*

*Vara. Speak yet a little more: For, by the Gods!
And as I prize those blessed happy Moments,
I swear, O Athenais! all is well;
O never better.*

*Athen. I doubt thee, dear Varanes;
Yet, if thou dy'st, I shall not long be from thee.
Once more farewell, and take these last Embraces.
Oh! I could crush him to my Heart! Farewel:
And as a dying Pledge of my last Love,
Take this, which all thy Pray'rs could never charm.
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, Delia.*

Ah,

Ah, Prince farewell! Angels protect and guard thee!

Vara. Turn back, O *Athenais*! and behold me;
Hear my last Words, and then farewell for ever.
Thou hast undone me more by this Confession:
You say, you swear, you love me more than ever;
Yet I must see you marry'd to another:
Can there be any Plague, or Hell, like this?
O *Athenais*! Whither shall I turn me?
You've brought me back to Life; but oh, what Life?
T'a Life more terrible than thousand Deaths.
Like one that had been buried in a Trance,
With racking Starts, he wakes, and gazes round,
Forc'd by Despair his whirling Limbs to wound,
And bellow like a Spirit under-ground;
Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to tofs, and rave,
Tormented, dash'd, and broken, in the Grave.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais *dress'd in Imperial Robes, and crown'd: A Table with a Bowl of Poison.*

ATHEN AIS.



Midnight Marriage! Must I to the Temple,
Thus, at the Murd'rer's Hour? 'Tis won-
drous strange!
But so thou say'st my Father has com-
manded;

And that's a mighty Reason.

Delia. The Emp'ror, in Compassion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to Extravagance,
If he in public should resolve t'espouse you,
Contriv'd by this close Marriage to deceive him.

Athen. Go, fetch thy Lute, and sing those Lines I gave
So, now I am alone: yet my Soul shakes: [thee.
For where this dreadful Draught may carry me,
The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I'm resolv'd

D

To

74 THEODOSIUS; or,

To drink it off in spite of Consequence.
 Whisper him, O some Angel! what I'm doing;
 By Sympathy of Soul let him too tremble,
 To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love;
 Whose Spirit, not content with an Ovation
 Of ling'ring Fate, with Triumph thus resolv'd,
 Thus, in the rapid Chariot of the Soul,
 To mount, and dare as never Woman dar'd. [*Drinks.*
 'Tis done: Haste, *Delia*, haste! come, bring thy Lute,
 And sing my Waftage to immortal Joys.
 Methinks I can't but smile at my own Brav'ry,
 Thus from my lowest Fortune rais'd to Empire,
 Crown'd, and adorn'd! worship'd by half the Earth,
 While a young Monarch dies for my Embraces!
 Yet now to wave the Glories of the World!
 O my *Varanes*! tho' my Birth's unequal,
 My Virtue sure has richly recompens'd,
 And quite outgone Example!

S O N G.

I.

*Ab cruel bloody Fate,
 What canst thou now do more?
 Alas! 'tis all too late,
 Philander to restore:
 Why should the Heav'nly Pow'rs persuade
 Poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 Yet all our Joys deceive?*

II.

*Her Poniard then she took,
 And held it in her Hand;
 And, with a dying Look,
 Cry'd, Thus I Fate command:
 Philander! Ah! my Love, I come,
 To meet thy Shade below;
 Ah! I come, she cry'd,
 With a Wound so wide,
 There needs no second Blow.*

III.

III.

*In purple Waves her Blood
Ran streaming down the Floor ;
Unmov'd she saw the Flood,
And blest her dying Hour :
Philander ! Ah, Philander ! still
The bleeding Phyllis cry'd :
She wept awhile,
And forc'd a Smile ;
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.*

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudofia* ? Ha ! thou look'st
Or else the Tapers cheat my Sight, like one
That's fitter for thy Tomb, than *Cæsar's* Bed :
A fatal Sorrow dims thy shaded Eyes,
And, in despite of all thy Ornaments,
Thou seem'st to me the Ghost of *Athenais*.

Athen. And what's the Punishment, my dear *Pulcheria*,
What Torments are allotted those sad Spirits,
Who, groaning with the Burden of Despair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life ;
But boldly set themselves at Liberty,
Thro' the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wilder'd Travellers without a Guide,
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where scarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer chequ'ring thro' the Trees,
Reflects to dismal View the walking Ghosts ;
And never hope to reach the blessed Fields ?

Pulch. No more o'that : *Atticus* shall resolve thee.
But see, he waits thee from the Emperor :
Thy Father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leont. Come, *Athenais* ! Ha ! what now in Tears !
O Fall of Honour ! But no more ; I charge thee,

76 THEODOSIUS; or,

I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my Blessing,
Or fear'st my Curse, to banish from thy Soul
All Thoughts, if possible, the Memory,
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the Temple on this Instant,
To make the Emp'ror thine, this Night to wed him,
And lie within his Arms.

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go —

Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go :
Eudofia, this unhappy Bride, shall go :
Thus, like a Victim, crown'd, and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emp'ror,
And, if he pleases, lie within his Arms.

Leont. Thou art my Child again.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine, any Charms
Or Threat'nings shall compel me
Never to think of poor *Varanes* more :

No, my *Varanes* ! No —

While I have Breath, I will remember thee :
To thee alone I will my Thoughts confine,
And all my Meditations shall be thine :
The Image of thy Woes my Soul shall fill ;
Fate, and my End, and thy Remembrance still.
As in some poplar Shade the Nightingale,
With piercing Moans, does her lost Young bewail,
Which the rough Hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy Nest, had stoln away ;
But she in mournful Sounds does still complain,
Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable Strain :
So, my *Varanes*, till my Death comes on,
Shall sad *Eudofia* thy dear Loss bemoan.

[*Exeunt Athenais, Atticus, &c.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis Night, dead Night; and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise:
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon,
Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie:
The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave:
The Owls forget to scream; no midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground:
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguish'd lie;
The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and seem to die.
Such universal Silence spreads below,
Thro' the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor shall I need a Violence to wound:
The Storm is here, that drives me on the Ground:
Sure Means to make the Soul and Body part!
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.
What, ho, *Aranthes!*

Enter Arantes.

I sent thee to th' Apartment of *Athenais*:
I sent thee, did I not? to be admitted.

Aran. You did, my Lord; but Oh!

I fear to give you an Account.

Vara. Alas!

Aranthes, I am got on th' other Side
Of this bad World; and now am past all Fear.
O ye avenging Gods! is there a Plague
Among your hoarded Bolts, and Heaps of Vengeance,
Beyond the mighty Loss of *Athenais*?
'Tis Contradiction: Speak then, speak, *Aranthes*:
For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make *Varanes* smile —

D. 3.

Aran.

78 THEODOSIUS; or,

Aran. My Lord, the Empress,
Crown'd, and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,
At this dead Time of Night, with silent Pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the Empress
Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus, and her Father, to the Temple,
There to espouse the Emp'rour *Theodosius*.

Vara. Say'st thou? Is't certain? hah!

Aran. Most certain, Sir, I saw 'em in Procession.

Vara. Give me thy Sword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!
O giddy Chance! O Turn of Love and Greatness!
Marry'd! She has kept her Promise now indeed;
And Oh! her pointed Fame, and nice Revenge,
Have reach'd their End. No, my *Aranthes*! no!
I will not stay the lazy Execution
Of a slow Fever: Give me thy Hand, and swear
By all the Love and Duty that thou ow'st me,
T'observe the last Commands that I shall give thee:
Stir not against my Purpose, as thou fear'st
My Anger and Disdain; nor dare t'oppose me
With troublesome, unnecessary, formal Reasons;
For what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand shall seal.
I charge thee hold it steadfast to my Heart,
Fix'd as the Fate that throws me on the Point.
Tho' I have liv'd a *Persian*, I will fall
As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
As any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
And to atone for this too cruel Duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you —

Vara. I charge thee, not:

But, when I'm dead, take the attending Slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Strait to the Temple: lay me, O *Aranthes*!
Lay my cold Coarse at *Athenais*' Feet,
And say, Oh why, why do my Eyes run o'er?
Say, with my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Just here, my Friend, hold fast, and fix the Sword:
I feel the Art'ry, where the Life-blood lies;

It heaves against the Point — Now, O ye Gods,
If for the greatly Wretched you have room,
Prepare my Place ; for dauntless, lo ! I come.

The Force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And *Athenais* sends me to the Ground. [*Kills himself.*]

SCENE III. *The outward Part of the Temple.*

Enter Pulcheria and Julia at one Door, Marcian and Lucius at another.

Pulch. Look, *Julia*, see ! the pensive *Marcian* comes ;
'Tis to my Wish ; I must no longer lose him,
Lest he should leave the Court indeed : He looks
As if some mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent. Inspire me Woman !
That what my Soul desires above the World,
May seem impos'd and forc'd on my Affections —

Luc. I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
From your own Mouth : Now, in the Name of all
The Gods at once, my Lord, why are you silent ?
Take heed, Sir ; mark your Opportunity :
For if the Woman lays it in your Way,
And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal Leave :
Your Doom has banish'd me, and I obey :
The Court and I shake Hands, and now we part,
Never to see each other more ; the Court
Where I was born, and bred a Gentleman ;
No more, till your illustrious Bounty rais'd me,
And drew the Earth-born Vapour to the Clouds :
But, as the Gods ordain'd it, I have lost,
I know not how, thro' Ignorance, your Grace ;
And now the Exhalation of my Glory
Is quite consum'd, and vanish'd into Air.

Pulch. Proceed, Sir — [you,

Marc. Yet let those Gods that doom'd me to displease
Be Witnesses, how much I honour you ! —

Thus,

80 THEODOSIUS; or

Thus, worshipping, I swear by your bright Self,
I leave this infamous Court with more Content
Than Fools and Flatt'ers seek it. But, Oh Heav'n!
I cannot go, if still your Hate pursues me:
Yes, I declare it is impossible
To go to Banishment without your Pardon.

Pulch. You have it, *Marcian*; Is there aught beside,
That you would speak? for I am free to hear.

Marc. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
But my last Words should here protest the Truth?
Know then, Imperial Princess, matchless Woman!
Since you first cast your Eyes upon my Meanness,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd Height,
I have in secret lov'd you. —————

Pulch. Is this *Marcian*!

Marc. You frown; but I am still prepar'd for all:
I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
More than my Life, and equal to my Glory.
Methinks, the warring Spirit that inspires
This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*!
That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
Flames in your Eyes: Our Thoughts too are akin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory:
Now, by the Gods, I lov'd you in your Fury,
In all the Thunder that quite riv'd my Hopes;
I lov'd you most, ev'n when you did destroy me.
Madam, I've spoke my Heart, and could say more,
But that I see it grieves you; your high Blood
Frets at the Arrogance, and saucy Pride,
Of this bold Vagabond: May the Gods forgive me!
Farewel; a worthier Gen'ral may succeed me;
But none more faithful to the Emp'ror's Interest,
Than him you're pleas'd to call the Traitor *Marcian*.

Pulch. Come back: You've subtly play'd your Part
indeed:

For, first, the Emp'ror, whom you lately school'd,
Restores you your Commission; next, commands you,
As you're a Subject, not to leave the Court:
Next, but, Oh Heav'n! which Way shall I express

His

His cruel Pleasure? he that is so mild
In all Things else, yet obstinate in this,
Spight of my Tears, my Birth, and my Disdain,
Commands me, as I dread his high Displeasure,
O *Marcian*! to receive you as my Husband.

Marc. Ha, *Lucius*! What, what does my Fate intend!

Luc. Pursue her, Sir; 'tis as I said; she yields,
And rages that you follow her no faster.

Pulch. Is then at last my great Authority,
And my entrusted Pow'r, declin'd to this?
Yet, oh my Fate! what Way can I avoid it!
He charg'd me strait to wait him to the Temple;
And there resolve, O *Marcian*! on this Marriage.
Now, gen'rous Soldier, as you're truly noble,
Oh help me forth, lost in this Labyrinth;
Help me to loose this more than *Gordian* Knot,
And make me and yourself for ever happy.

Marc. Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
And as a Soldier ought: the only Way
To help this Knot, is yet to tie it faster.
Since then the Emp'rour has resolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the Gods,
And make this Holiday throughout my Life,
I take him at his Word, and claim his Promise:
The Empire of the World shall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, Madam: Tho' my Outside's rough,
Yet, by those Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart
Compassionate and tender as a Virgin's:
Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling Sorrows;
Perhaps this Grief may move the Emperor
To a Repentance! Come then to the Trial;
For by my Arms, my Life, and dearer Honour,
If you go back, when giv'n me by his Hand,
In distant Wars my Fate I will deplore,
And *Marcian*'s Name shall ne'er be heard of more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV. *The Temple.*

Theodosius, Athenais, Atticus *joining their Hands*——
 Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, &c. Leontine.

Attic. *The more than Gordian Knot is ty'd,
 Which Death's strong Arm shall ne'er divide;
 For, when to Bliss ye wafted are,
 Your Spirits shall be wedded there.
 Waters are lost, and Fires will die;
 But Love alone can Fate defy.*

Enter Arantes with the Body of Varanes.

[*dofia?*]
 Aran. Where is the Empress? Where shall I find Eu-
 By Fate I'm sent to tell that cruel Beauty,
 She has robb'd the World of Fame; her Eyes have giv'n
 A Blast to the big Blossom of the War:
 Behold him there, nipt in his flow'ry Morn,
 Compell'd to break his Promise of a Day,
 A Day that Conquest would have made her Boast;
 Behold her Laurel wither'd to the Root,
 Canker'd, and kill'd, by *Athenais'* Scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead *Varanes!*

Theo. O y'eternal Pow'rs,
 That guide the World! Why do you shock our Reason
 With Acts like these, that lay our Thoughts in Dust?
 Forgive me, Heav'n, this Start; or elevate
 Imagination more, and make it nothing.
 Alas! alas, *Varanes!* but speak, *Arantes,*
 The Manner of his Fate: Groans choak my Words;
 D speak, and we will answer thee with Tears.

Aran. His Fever would, no doubt, by this have done
 What, some few Minutes past, his Sword perform'd:
 He heard from me your Progress to the Temple,
 How you design'd at Midnight to deceive him
 By a clandestine Marriage: But, my Lord,
 Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation;
 Or, had your Empress seen him in those Torments,
 When

When from his dying Eyes, swoln to the Brim,
The big round Drops roll'd down his manly Face;
When from his hollow'd Breast a murm'ring Croud
Of Groans rush'd forth, and echo'd, All is well;
Then had you seen him, Oh ye cruel Gods!
Rush on the Sword I held against his Breast,
And dye it to the Hilts, with these last Words ———
Bear me to *Athenais* ———

Athen. Give me Way, my Lord.
I have most strictly kept my Promise with you:
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more;
Or, if you did, I'm past the Pow'r to give:
But here! Oh here! on his cold bloody Breast,
Thus let me breathe my last. [mean?

Theo. Oh Empress, what, what can this Transport
Are these our Nuptials? these my promis'd Joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this last Respect I pay
These sad Remains ——— And, O thou mighty Spirit!
If yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,
Look down, and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
When thou shalt know, before I gave Consent
To this indecent Marriage, I had taken
Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,
Which soon would render me, alas! unfit
For the warm Joys of an Imperial Lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my Word
With *Theodosius*. Wilt thou not forgive me?

Theo. Poison'd to free thee from the Emperor!
Oh *Athenais*! thou hast done a Deed
That tears my Heart: What have I done against thee,
That thou shouldst brand me thus with Infamy,
And everlasting Shame: Thou might'st have made
Thy Choice without this cruel Act of Death:
I left thee to thy Will; and, in Requital,
Thou'st murder'd all my Fame ———

Athen. Oh pardon me!
I lay my dying Body at your Feet,
And beg, my Lord, with my last Sighs intreat you,
T'impute the Fault, if 'tis a Fault, to Love;
And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*,

To

84 *THEODOSIUS; or,*

To her too cruel Stars : Remember too,
I begg'd you would not let me see the Prince,
Prefaging what has happen'd; yet my Word,
As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! she is going! see her languishing Eyes
Draw-in their Beams; the Sleep of Death is on her.

Athen. Farewel, my Lord! Alas! alas! *Varanes*,
T'embrace thee now, is not Immodesty;
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to clasp thee,
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life:
For, Oh! what Man, like him, could Woman move?
Oh Prince belov'd! Oh Spirit most divine!
Thus, by my Death, I give thee all my Love,
And seal my Soul and Body ever thine—— [Dies.

Theo. Oh *Marcian*! Oh *Pulcheria*! did not the Pow'r,
Whom we adore, plant all his Thunderbolts
Against Self-murd'ers, I would perish too:
But, as I am, I swear to leave the Empire:
To thee, my Sister, I bequeath the World;
And, yet a Gift more great, the gallant *Marcian*.
On then, my Friend! now shew thy *Roman* Spirit:
As to her Sex fair *Athenais* was,
Be thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour.
Thus we'll atone for all the present Crimes,
That yet it may be said in After-times,
No Age with such Examples cou'd compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair!

IEx. Omnes.

F I N I S.



